

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE ILLUSTRATED TIMES—RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

The present number of our paper which chronicles the close of a year, perhaps more eventful than almost any other in the memory of living man, completes the first volume of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES—a fact of some importance to our readers and to ourselves. We have now run through a seven months' career, a sorry span in the cycle of man's life; but, as times go, no insignificant existence for a cheap untaxed newspaper. It has been our fortune to outlive nearly all of those who, on the occasion of the abolition of the Newspaper Stamp Duties, started with us in the race for public favour. From time to time, we have witnessed the savage delight with which the old vested interests have chronicled the death of one or other of our less fortunate brethren, but we could afford to treat their deprecatory remarks with indifference. At one bound we had firmly established ourselves in public favour, securing at once a circulation which it has, in some notable instances, required nearly twenty years to arrive at. And why? We took high ground in our original announcement, and have never yet been accused of having fallen short of our promises. The seven months just past have been fruitful of great events. These it was for us to describe and illustrate. Let us see whether the foregoing pages of our newspaper will not show that we have performed our task.

Ere the first number of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES saw the light, the allied generals, tired of that inactivity which was weighing down the spirits of the army in the Crimea, had despatched an expedition from Balaclava to Kertch. Our arrangements, conceived with forethought, proved equal to the occasion, as the illustrations on the commencing page of our paper indicated. We had secured the services, regular and occasional, of three artists in the Crimea, at an expense of some hundreds of pounds, and have never since had cause to regret the result. Before we had enjoyed a fortnight's existence, one was transmitting us sketches from the Spit of Arabat. The expedition which he accompanied dropped down on the Circassian Coast, he with it, as may be seen by our published views of Anapa, just then abandoned by the Russians. Then came the capture of the Mamelon and the Quarries, of which brilliant achievement, representations were given at the time in our pages. The Allies subsequently took possession of the Tchernaya, and forthwith an admirable sketch was furnished to us by a military correspondent of great talent, who, it will be remembered, nobly distinguished himself at the final assault on the Redan. In the long interval that elapsed between the attack of the 18th of June and the final and successful assault on Sebastopol, our pages were filled with scenes in the trenches and batteries, and other occasional incidents from the seat of war. Scarcely was the last shot fired on the battle-field of the Tchernaya, ere our artist was present at the scene of recent strife, and his painfully truthful sketches form a melancholy memento of the closing scenes of that bloody struggle. We now come to the crowning victory of all—the capture of Sebastopol itself. When, on the memorable 8th of September, our gallant soldiers ran the gauntlet of a murderous storm of shot and shell, across those fearful 300 yards that intervened between our trenches and the outworks of the Redan, one of our artists stood on the Woronzow road, sketch-book in hand, noting down such incidents as the blinding dust and clouds of rolling smoke permitted him to witness. Others, who furnished us with sketches of episodes in this world-renowned contest, were in the very thick of the fight. One gallant spirit, who had promised us representations of the long-anticipated assault, met with a soldier's death,

alas! early in the fray. We allude to the late Lieutenant-Colonel Unett. The aspect of the Malakhoff and of the Redan, after the retreat of the Russians, with the piles of dead and wounded—friend and foe “in one red burial blent”—was rendered in these pages with almost daguerreotype minuteness. Again, ere the famous bridge of boats, across which the Russians fled from the south side to the north, was completed, it had been sketched by our artist from the “look out” station of the Allies. The conflagration of Sebastopol was next depicted by his facile pencil. And when the Allied army entered the fallen city, he was among the foremost of those whose eyes lighted on a spectacle which will for ever live in the remembrance of all who witnessed it—the “smoking and blood-stained ruins” of this Queen City of the Euxine. From his truthful sketches, the ILLUSTRATED TIMES published the first views of the interior of Sebastopol seen in this country. We allude to the admirable repre-

desperate engagement from one of our own countrymen, who took part in the struggle. So much for the interesting features of the war. To prove that, during the same period, we have not been unmindful of home events of importance, we need only refer to the visit of our Queen to Paris, and to the King of Sardinia's recent visit to this country.

Our readers will do us the justice to believe that we make these allusions in no boastful spirit. If we venture to point out what we have succeeded in accomplishing, we are nevertheless fully sensible of how much we have left undone. During the past seven months we have been, as it were, trying our strength; we fancy we are now cognizant of it; and that we have not formed an overdue estimate, the next few numbers of our paper will, we think, satisfactorily show. On some of our apparent past shortcomings, we have still a word or two to say.

Those over-critical readers of ours who are snugly located, we will suppose, in some quiet provincial town, with none of the ills of life to vex them, and whose ample leisure affords them full opportunities for reflection, deliberation, and ceasur, are entreated to believe that our task is attended with more difficulties than we care to pester them by enumerating. If occasionally an engraving comes out less effective than desirable, we ask them to bear in mind that probably only three or four days before our weekly sheet is duly delivered into their expectant hands, the sketch from which this very engraving had to be produced, lay, maybe, closely packed in a letter-bag, at the bottom of the hold of some swift steamer then breasting the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. Couple this fact with the necessity that exists for copies of our paper to be in our various subscribers' hands, with scrupulous exactness, at a given hour each week, and we think our readers will see some fair excuse for occasional deficiencies of execution.

With regard to those higher aims and graver responsibilities pertaining to our literary office, we feel that we have not been unmindful of them. We have discussed public questions in a broad and patriotic spirit, unswayed by party or sectarian prejudices. We have commented on the crimes and failings of individuals in terms of unmistakable severity, but we have never stooped to the low level of private malevolence. We have treated those with whom we differ with precisely that amount of respect which their talents or their characters have entitled them to, and no more. The thousands of letters we have received during our seven months' career, have proved to us that, though there may be occasional points of difference between us and our subscribers, yet the opinions we have expressed have, in the main, found an echo in the minds of a quarter of a million of readers. Even those who differ from us will, we are persuaded, yield us credit for being actuated

by no less worthy motives than those arising from honesty and patriotism.

Few of those we are now addressing are aware that the weekly outlay for a single number of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES involves an expenditure little short of a thousand pounds. This fact, we should hope, indicates alike the liberality of the arrangements connected with its production, and the enormous extent of the circulation required to refund so large an outlay. While our legion of subscribers stand by us, we shall continue to give them the same cheap weekly newspaper for twopence, as heretofore. If they will aid us heartily, they could soon place us in a position to do more than this, and enable us to offer them the ILLUSTRATED TIMES, from week to week, improved in a thousand countless ways. The secret is



GENERAL WILLIAMS, THE GALLANT DEFENDER OF KARS.

sentations of the Street of the Bell, the view from Artillery Bay, the Café in the Streets of the Town, and that interesting Bronze Galley, concerning which so many conflicting opinions had been put forward by all who had seen it. The Kinburn expedition was the next important phase of the war; and that our correspondent and artist were again to be found at the post of duty, is evidenced by the interesting illustrations of the brilliant operations of the Allied fleets, which, thanks to their exertions, we were enabled to publish, our information, in fact, outstripping the despatches of most of the morning newspapers, in which, with one exception, our correspondent's letter appeared in anticipation of our weekly publication. Moreover, the same mail which brought us the news of the gallant defence of Kars against Mouravieff's attack, brought us also a sketch of that

but a simple one, and lies in the extension of the number of purchasers. Let our present subscribers labour to procure us as many new subscribers as possible among their friends and acquaintances—labour steadily, energetically, and continuously, recollecting that even a single one will aid the general result—and before Vol. II. of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES is brought to a close, they will have reaped the benefit of their exertions in the improvements effected in each succeeding weekly number. Every additional shilling of profit that finds its way into our coffers, will act as an additional incentive to our endeavours to place the ILLUSTRATED TIMES at the head of the Illustrated Press of England.

#### GENERAL WILLIAMS, K.C.B.

No one among our readers who admires skill, appreciates valour, and sympathises with suffering, can fail to admire, appreciate, and sympathise with that gallant band of heroes, who, under the auspices of General Williams, have, by their prolonged defence, rendered the siege of Kars memorable in the history of the Russian war. At the present moment a melancholy interest attaches to these brave men, and the accompanying portrait of the renowned leader, "the hero of Kars," surrounded by English and Turkish officers, will, we believe, be considered particularly opportune.

William Fenwick Williams having been appointed to a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1825, was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in 1827, and to that of captain in 1840. From that date to 1843, he was employed in Turkey, and, for his military services there, received the brevet rank of major. Being subsequently sent to Erzeroum, to meet the Turkish and Persian Plenipotentiaries, he took part in the conferences preceding the treaty of Erzeroum in May, 1847, and for his political services on that occasion, he was advanced to the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. Having, in June, 1848, been appointed English Commissioner for the settlement of the Turco-Persian boundary, he was, in 1852, admitted as a Companion of the Order of the Bath.

It was in August, 1854, that Williams was appointed to the responsible position in which he has rendered his name so widely celebrated. On being nominated her Majesty's Commissioner with the Turkish army in the East, the gallant officer was promoted to the local rank of colonel, and a few months later to that of brigadier-general.

The glorious victory won, under his auspices, on the heights above Kars, on the morning of the 29th of September last, after the city had been invested for four months, first made the name of General Williams familiar to the British public, as a warrior with a cool head and a warm heart. After the sanguinary battle had raged for well nigh eight hours, and General Mouravieff had exerted all the talent which he had derived from nature, and all the ingenuity which he had derived from experience, the Russian troops under his command, after persevering so long as there remained a chance of success, were repulsed with immense loss. In acknowledgment of his heroism on that memorable occasion, General Williams was nominated by the Queen of England a Knight Companion of the Order of the Bath, and honoured by the Sultan with the rank of "Mushir," or full general in the Turkish service.

In the defence of Kars, General Williams and his gallant comrades continued to do all that brave men could in a good and righteous cause, holding out sternly on the third of a soldier's rations, so long as

"Hope the charmer lingered still behind."

Matters, however, became worse and worse, and the gloom of the heroic garrison deepened into despair. The men were worn out by famine; many died of hunger; scarce were provisions, that horseflesh was reserved for the hospitals; and it is stated that the price even of oats rose to a hundred piastres each. All around were death and despair, and it had become a mere question of starvation against time, when, on the 14th of November, Mouravieff summoned the garrison to surrender.

General Williams, who appears to have been still calm and collected in the midst of suffering, presided next day over a council of officers, and their deliberations ended in a flag of truce being sent to the Russian General, to demand a suspension of hostilities and the privilege of sending a courier to Erzeroum. An English officer, named Thompson, left the besieged city, but found the Russians within three leagues of Erzeroum, and Selim Pacha without any intention of attempting the relief of Kars. On the 22nd he returned to the beleaguered town; and two days later, General Williams having demanded an interview with Mouravieff, accepted terms of capitulation; and subsequently, the whole garrison, including nine Pachas, surrendered as prisoners of war.

Thus, sadly and sorrowfully, ended the defence of Kars, which has certainly been one of the brightest and noblest incidents of the war. Why the beleaguered city and its heroic defenders were left to their fate by Premiers and Sultans is a question which we, of course, cannot presume to ask, though, doubtless, such a question will be put when and where it must be answered. We can only trust that General Williams, and those who have shared the honour and peril of his situation, will, ere long, be restored to their country, their kith and kin, and enabled to console themselves with the reflection that "the glory dies not, and the grief is past."

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

The damage done by the fire, so happily extinguished the other day in the Louvre, is estimated at 1,500 francs. The Emperor, who was on the spot almost immediately after the flames were perceived, worked personally at the engines.

M. de Persigny, the French Ambassador, arrived on Saturday last in Paris from London, and, after a long conference with the Emperor, left immediately for England.

In consequence of the severity of the weather and the dearth of provisions, the Government has resolved to open kitchens in every quarter of Paris, where soup, meat, and vegetables will be sold to the poor at very reduced prices.

The Archbishop of Paris has ordered the *cure* of every parish in his diocese to open a depot for the reception of old clothes, damaged or worn-out furniture, and broken victuals for the use of the poor.

The French Government has sent to the Sultan the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour in diamonds,—the first time that he has received a decoration from a Christian Power.

Several of the French provincial journals say that a grand council of war, composed of the Generals recalled or returned from the Crimea, is shortly to be assembled in Paris. They add that the Commander-in-Chief of the Sardinian army is expected at Paris.

The accouchement of the Empress is expected to take place between the 15th and the 25th of March. This is authentic. Her Imperial Majesty's health is excellent.

It is said that a camp of 40,000 men will be formed this winter at Cherbourg.

##### SPAIN.

The Government has presented a bill to the Cortes, demanding authorisation to collect the taxes in 1856 as they are fixed by the budget of 1855. The "Gazette" officially announces that the Government has not accepted the loan of 24 millions of reals offered by the Credit Foncier, but has contracted a loan to that amount with several foreign houses, which sum will be deposited in the *caisse* of the Credit Mobilier, to be used for the payment of the half-year's interest on the home debt due on the 31st inst.

The Carlists are said to be concocting fresh movements in Catalonia, and it is also reported that the Infante Don Juan is proceeding through France to the frontier, in order to direct operations. The Government, however, are on the *qui vive*.

The collar of the Golden Fleece, vacant by the death of the Emperor Nicholas, is said to be intended for Prince Jerome Bonaparte, the ex-King of Westphalia.

According to a despatch, dated, Madrid, Dec. 24, three Carlist Chiefs have been shot at Mauesa.

#### AUSTRIA.

THE Austrian Government has consented to a diminution of the transit dues on goods from Prussia and the Zollverein, a step peculiarly advantageous to Russia.

Austria is said to have communicated to Prussia the preliminaries agreed with by the Western Powers, and to have called upon her to advocate their acceptance at St. Petersburg.

Sir H. Seymour is treated with the greatest distinction at Vienna. He has daily interviews with Count Buol. The language of Sir Hamilton is constantly pacific, and it is said that he is charged with the task of advising the Porte, through its ambassador here, to accept the terms agreed upon by Austria and the Western Powers. Lady Hamilton Seymour has been presented to the Empress of Austria.

#### PRUSSIA.

FRANCE is said to have addressed an energetic note to Prussia, requiring that a stop be put to exports, contraband of war, to Russia, otherwise the Allied fleets will blockade Prussian ports.

It is officially reported that Prussia undertakes to support the peace proposals made at St. Petersburg.

The Dresden official journal announces that Russia accepts the neutralisation of the Envine, subject to some admissible modifications in the European interest.

The news of the ratification of the Swedish treaty, we hear from Germany, has produced a great sensation, and especially at Berlin.

Prince Von Pless, President of the Prussian Chamber of Nobles, is dead.

Baron Seebach, the Saxon envoy at the French court, arrived at Dresden on Sunday, from Paris. After receiving instructions there, he proceeded on his way to St. Petersburg. His mission is connected with the negotiations for peace.

#### RUSSIA.

ADVICES from St. Petersburg state that the main force at Odessa will be removed to Nicolaieff, and that the Czar has ordered a concentration of forces on all the strong positions of the Black Sea and the Baltic.

The insurrection in Little Russia continues to spread, and causes some uneasiness to the Government. Strong divisions of troops have been sent into the country to suppress it with vigour.

Count Nesselrode is stated to have addressed a circular to the representatives of Russia at those Courts which have proposed peace. The contents of this circular have not yet transpired, but it is rumoured to resemble much the same views as Russia expressed at the Vienna Conference.

Serif-Oul-Moulik-Piri-Abbas-Khouli-Khan, the Extraordinary Ambassador from Persia, arrived at St. Petersburg on the 9th, after having stopped a week at Moscow. He was received in a most princely manner. The ordinary resident Ambassador went to meet him as far as Moscow, and returned with him to St. Petersburg.

Accounts from Warsaw of the 16th inst., state that a partial amnesty was published on that day in the official journal. The first article refers to the Poles who resigned their functions when the revolution of 1831 broke out, or were dismissed by the revolutionary Government. The Imperial decree increases their salaries. In virtue of the second article, the military, who, since the revolution, have given no cause to suspect their loyalty, are likewise entitled to a higher pension. The third paragraph provides that all who have been implicated in political affairs may be again appointed to public offices, if their conduct was blameless during five years from the date of their dismissal. According to the fourth paragraph, the clergymen compromised in political affairs who have been removed to the interior of Russia may return to Poland. The fifth paragraph relates to persons who have been transported to Siberia for political causes, some of whom are permitted to return to Poland, and others obtain a mitigation of their penalties.

#### ITALY.

LETTERS from Rome speak of the great attention shown by the Pope to the Archdukes Albert and Raynier of Austria, during their visit to that city. The day on which they arrived there they were waited on by M. Borromeo, chamberlain to His Holiness, and towards the afternoon by Cardinal Antonelli. The interview between their Highnesses and the Holy Father, the next day, is described as most affectionate.

The Tuscan Government is about to use the utmost rigour to prevent any Tuscan from joining the Anglo-Italian Legion. The Austrian Government has suggested that this corps may one day be dangerous to Italy.

The Pope is urging Tuscany and the Two Sicilies to subscribe to a cordial similar to that lately signed by Austria. There is every probability of the Vatican succeeding.

#### SARDINIA.

THE war budget of the kingdom of Sardinia, just presented to the Piedmontese Chambers, fixes the expenses of the Eastern war during 1855 and 1856 at 74,239,532f., including 11,475,401f. for the navy.

#### TURKEY.

A LETTER from Constantinople, of the 10th, contains the following analysis of a proposed constitution for the Danubian Principalities:

"The suzerainty of the Sultan shall be maintained as it at present exists—that is to say, without any interference in the internal administration of the country. Moldavia and Wallachia will be united into one state, governed by a prince appointed for life, in order to prevent the intrigues which are renewed every six years under the present state of things. The nomination shall take place by election. The prince elected must be of the country: all Phanariots will be excluded from the candidature. The Government shall be representative, and composed of two Chambers. A national army shall be formed. The fortresses of the Principalities shall be put in a proper state, and the principal ones occupied by Turkish garrisons. The tribute paid to the Porte will be regulated at the time of the election of the prince, and for the whole duration of his reign. The views of France are said to differ on the subject very little from those of England, and the Porte will be quite disposed to enter into negotiations on the above bases. Serious objections may be expected on the part of Austria, and M. de Prokesch-Osten is said to be in possession of full instructions as regards the ideas of the Cabinet of Vienna. These ideas are not yet known, and hitherto Austria has confined herself to opposing all that it has been wished to do to reform the organic regulation of the Principalities without clearly stating her own views on the subject. Some persons even say that she has not yet come to any decision on it."

#### AMERICA.

It is currently reported in American journals that Mr. Buchanan was not present at the late inauguration of the new Lord Mayor at Guildhall—that he was specially waited upon and urged to attend. "It has been common for our ministers," says one journal, "to assist at these banquets; and it is a matter of very critical remark here, that Mr. Buchanan should have departed from the rule, without assigning some reason for his conduct. Many years ago, Mr. Buchanan was the American minister to St. Petersburg. Since that time, it is only fair to say that, as a senator at Washington, and as the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, he has not attempted to conceal his liking for the Czar, his people, and his government. This he may well do, but within those limits which shall not, in times like these, throw what influence he may personally or from political position possess against what the whole intellectual and enlightened world regards as the cause of civilisation."

#### The War.

##### THE WAR IN ASIA.

###### THE CAPITULATION OF KARS.

THE "Invalide Russe" announces the Capitulation of Kars in the following terms:

"The indomitable courage of the brave troops of the Caucasus has been crowned with complete success."

"On the 28th of November, the fortress of Kars surrendered to Aide-de-Camp General Mouravieff, Commander-in-Chief of the detached corps of the Caucasus."

"The Muskrat Vassif Pacha and the whole garrison are prisoners of war in our hands, with eight Pachas and a great number of superior and subordinate officers, and the English General Williams, with all his staff."

"We have taken 130 cannon and a large stock of arms in the fortress."

#### GENERAL MOURAVIEFF'S OFFICIAL REPORT.

The following is the official report of the Capitulation of Kars. It is dated, Quarters of Vladik-Kars, Nov. 29:

"At the assault on Kars of the 17th (29th) of September, the Turks, immediately encouraged, expected to see our troops retreat, and were astonished to see, on the contrary, that the blockade became stricter than ever, and that our camp was turned into regular organised quarters, receiving daily provisions of every description."

"The besieged still founded their hopes on the arrival of aid from Erzeroum. In fact, Vely Pacha, coming from Trebizond, had attempted to advance on Kars but at each attempt he was met by General Souloff's detachment, which threatened his rear. Our patrols skirmished with these troops, keeping them in a state of alarm as far as the vicinity of Erzeroum. Meantime, the provisions at Kars were diminishing; the cold weather was coming on; snow had fallen on the Saganlou; cases of death from weakness for want of nourishment occurred in the garrison, desertion increased, and despondency became general. All these circumstances decided General Williams, who directed the defence of Kars, to surrender the fortress."

"On the 12th (24th) of November, Major Teesdale, General Williams's aide-de-camp, waited upon General Mouravieff, and handed to him a letter, in which General Williams asked leave to proceed on the following day to the camp to enter into conference, to which General Mouravieff gave a verbal reply to Major Teesdale, telling him that he would be happy to see General Williams the following day, the 13th (25th) of November, at noon."

"On the 13th (25th) of November, at the appointed hour, General Williams presented himself to the Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Caucasus, as Plenipotentiary to negotiate in the name of the Muskrat Vassif Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Anatolia. Having settled the conditions for the surrender of the place, those conditions were signed by General Williams, and approved by General Mouravieff."

"General Williams was to return next morning to our camp to bring the definitive reply of the Muskrat; the regulation, however, of affairs inside, and the announcement to the garrison of the surrender of the fortress, which the leaders received with agitation, rendered his presence necessary in the fortress. He sent his aide-de-camp to explain these circumstances."

"On the evening of the same day, Major Teesdale brought the full powers given by the Muskrat to General Williams to draw up the final conditions of the capitulation of Kars, with the list of the Pachas of the army of Anatolia shut up in the fortress."

"On the 15th (27th) of November, in the afternoon, General Williams arrived at our camp, with his staff and three Pachas, and signed the final condition of the surrender of Kars."

"On the 16th (28th) of November, conformably to the stipulations agreed upon, the remainder of the army of Anatolia, which had formed the garrison of Kars, were to leave the fortress, carrying their muskets, with flags flying and drums beating; but at the request of the Turkish commanders themselves, the whole army left their arms piled, and placed their ammunition in their camps, leaving only a small Turkish guard until it should be relieved by our men."

"Although it had been arranged that the Turks should be assembled at 10 o'clock in the morning, near the ruins of the village of Gumbel, it was not till 2 o'clock in the afternoon that the Muskrat of the army of Anatolia presented himself to General Mouravieff, accompanied by General Williams and the English officers. Our troops were drawn up in line of battle on both banks of the Kars-tchay. The colours of the Turkish regiments were then brought to the front of our lines by a detachment of Toula Chasseurs, and received with the bands playing, and repeated cheers from our troops."

"A portion of the Turkish army, consisting of the oldest and most feeble of the men, soldiers on unlimited leave (Redifs), and militiamen (Bashi-Basouks and Lazes), altogether about 6,000 men, were sent back again to their homes after the capitulation, with the obligation not to take up arms against his Imperial Majesty during the whole course of the present war, and were accompanied the first stage by a military escort. After the defile of the Redifs, the Commander-in-Chief received a deputation, consisting of the most notable inhabitants of the town.

"Having passed along the front of the line of the Turkish regular troops who surrendered prisoners, to the number of from 7,000 to 8,000 men, General Mouravieff ordered the repast to be given to them which he had previously prepared for them in the military kitchens on the left bank of the Kars-tchay."

"On the same day (28th of November) the fortress was occupied by our troops under the command of Colonel de Saget, and the Russian standard was hoisted on the citadel."

"Thus, with the surrender of Kars, the last remnant of the army of Anatolia which in last June numbered 30,000 men, has vanished. The Muskrat Vassif Pacha, Commander-in-Chief of that army, is himself a prisoner of war in our hands, without counting eight Pachas, a great number of superior and subordinate officers, including the English General Williams and his whole staff." In the fortress we took 130 cannon and a great stock of arms."

#### ORDER OF THE DAY TO THE DIVISION OF THE CAUCASUS.

"Camp of Vladik-Kars, Nov. 16 (28). 1855.

"Companions in Arms—I congratulate you! As Lieutenant of our sovereign, I thank you.

"At the price of your blood and your labour, the bulwark of Asia Minor has been placed at the feet of his Majesty the Emperor. The Russian standard floats on the walls of Kars. It proclaims the victory of the Cross of the Saviour.

"The whole of the army of Anatolia, 30,000 strong, has vanished like a shadow. Its commander-in-chief, with all his pachas and officers, and the English general who directed the defence, with his staff, are our prisoners. Thousands of Turkish prisoners, who return to their homes, will proclaim your deeds of arms."

"No inventory has, as yet, been made of the vast stock of arms and Government property at Kars; but, without counting the cannon and flags captured by us in the course of the campaign, 130 new cannon will enrich our arsenals. Numerous flags will adorn the holy temples of Russia, and recall the memory of your constant warlike virtues."

"Companions in arms, I thank you again; from the first man to the last."

"Brave comrades! I also thank you again in my own name. I owe to you the happiness of procuring a joy to the heart of our Monarch. You have this year achieved what you prepared to accomplish in the course of the two preceding years."

"Unite your thanksgiving with mine to the God of Armies, who in His impenetrable secrets now gives us victory in the very hour of trial to which we have recently been put. May faith in Divine Providence maintain the martial spirit within you, and double your strength. We will undertake new labours with hope in the protection of the Almighty."

"MOURAVIEFF, Commander-in-Chief, Aide-de-Camp General."

#### GENERAL MOURAVIEFF'S PLANS.

LETTERS from St. Petersburg state that it was always intended to act merely on the defensive against Omar Pacha. It is not supposed that the fall of Kars will make any change in this plan, but that General Mouravieff will make that place his winter quarters. They hope at St. Petersburg that General Mouravieff will disconcert Omar Pacha's schemes by threatening Erzeroum.

#### THE NUMBER OF PRISONERS MADE AT KARS.

Under date of the 28th of November, General Mouravieff announces that the Russians made at Kars 16,000 prisoners, among whom were 8,000 nizams (Turkish regulars) and 6,000 redifs (irregulars), 12 standards, 130 cannon, and 30,000 muskets. General Mouravieff dispensed with making the English who formed part of the garrison march past him.

#### OPERATIONS IN THE CRIMEA.

##### WORTHLESS TRUCKS AND ROTTEN CARTS.

DEC. 7.—The cold of winter has not yet set in, and it promises to be a late spring next year. The railway is nearly useless, owing to the destruction of trucks, and the Land Transport Corps complain bitterly of the discredit able, worthless, and rotten carts sent out to them from England. Is there not an inspector of carriages at Woolwich?

##### MISERABLE STATE OF BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Many of the animals are cruelly used by the people to whom we are obliged to entrust them. There are two men to every three horses or mules, but then these men are barely sufficient to perform long marches, from the divisional camps to Balaklava and back again, and afterwards to attend to the animals and clean them properly. In some muddy pool or in some deep scarp on the hill-side the poor animal, which, perhaps, has stood in uncovered stables all night and is badly groomed or not rubbed down at all, sinks beneath its load and dies there in lingering agony. It is not permitted to shoot these wretched creatures—why, one cannot say.

Many of the divisional stables are still uncovered—there is a great want of nails and planking, and the result is, that the animals are exposed to the inclemency of the weather after hard work, get knocked up with sore backs or greased heels—are lamed, lose shoes, and at last succumb on the road.

#### THE COMFORTABLE AND HEALTHY STATE OF THE SOLDI

Mew cold and fierce, rain and sleet fell in torrents, and many tents were blown down in camp.

#### PROPOSED ESTABLISHMENT OF LIBRARIES AND "READERS."

In connection with the improvement and discipline of the army, there are few subjects of more interest than the establishment of libraries to afford rational amusement and instruction to the men. Many soldiers cannot read, or do so very imperfectly. It would be an excellent plan if a reader were appointed at some trifling pay, or if a succession of readers, one to relieve the other, could be induced to read aloud some interesting work to such men as liked to attend during these long cold nights, and extra rations of fuel and light might be issued to such bodies of men assembled for the purpose. Lord Paunmure proposed that a central library should be established, but his Lordship can but be little aware of the distance the men would have to come, or rather of the ground they would have to pass, to any point that might be selected; and it would be a book of rare attractions that could draw them from Kamara or the front to the *toil de Balaclava*. His Lordship's sur her suggestion that two soldiers should be appointed as librarians, with £1. a day and free rations, seems to indicate that he was not confident of the success of his plan, and was very diffident respecting the literary tastes of the men; for two men—were they veritable Briarei, could scarcely manage a central library resorted to by a fair proportion of 40,000 men per diem. Lord Paunmure exhibits great zeal in promoting the comforts of the men.

#### THE SIEGE ARTILLERY ORDERED HOME.

The siege artillery is ordered home—at least a large portion of the officers and *materiel* will go ere winter is over. The batteries will be filled up to their full complement. The staff officers of the train will return to Woolwich. Major-General Dupuis will be succeeded in his command by Colonel Wood, a very energetic and able officer.

#### THE RUSSIANS REPULSED BY THE FRENCH.

According to a despatch, dated Camp before Sebastopol, Dec. 11, the Russians attacked the French positions at Baga on the 9th of December, but were repulsed, with the loss of 70 killed and 20 made prisoners.

#### THE TREATY WITH SWEDEN.

The following is an abstract of the Treaty concluded on November 21st, between France, England, and Sweden. It is declared that the Treaty is concluded to prevent every complication of a nature to disturb the balance of power in Europe:—

"By Article 1. The King of Sweden engages himself not to cede to Russia, nor to exchange with her, nor to allow her to occupy, any portion of the territories belonging to the Crown of Sweden and Norway.

"His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway engages himself, moreover, not to cede to Russia any right of pasture, or fishing ground, or of any other nature whatsoever, as well for the said territories as for the coast of Sweden and Norway, and to reject any claim (*prétention*) Russia might raise to establish the existence of any of the above-named rights.

"Art. 2. In case Russia should make any proposition to his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway, or any demand with a view to obtain either the cession or exchange of any portion whatever of territory belonging to the Crowns of Sweden and Norway, be it the permission to occupy certain points of the said territory, or the cession of fishing or pasture rights, or of any other, on those same territories, or on the coast of Sweden and Norway, his Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway engages himself to communicate immediately such proposition to his Majesty the Emperor of the French, and to her Majesty the Queen of England; and their said Majesties take on their part the engagement to provide His Majesty the King of Sweden and Norway with sufficient naval and military forces to co-operate with the naval and military forces of his said Majesty, with a view to resist the claims or aggressions of Russia.

"The nature, the importance, and the destination of the forces in question shall, the case occurring, be decided by a common agreement between the three Powers."

**GRAND REVIEW AT MADRID.**—The Artillery review, which took place on the 9th inst., attracted great numbers. It took place at the Dehesa de los Carabancheles, near the Venta de Alcorcon, which is on the high road to Estremadura. The day was fine, but piercingly cold; the north-east wind coming direct from the Pyrenees, and the temperature not improved by passing over the Sierra de Burgos and the Somosierra. A magnificent tent had been prepared for the Queen, being the identical tent used by the Emperor Charles V., and fitted up with great splendour. The Queen and King Consort were escorted from the palace by a squadron of Cavalry of the National Guard, and another of the Line; and were received and conducted to the tent by Duke San Miguel, who wore the white uniform of Spain under the Austrian dynasty. The tent was crowned by the double-headed eagle and an Imperial crown, the arms being those of Spain during the Austrian dynasty. There were 2,000 artillerymen and 64 guns on the field. The Queen and King Consort having got into an open carriage drawn by six cream-coloured horses, proceeded to review the troops. General Espartero riding on one side and General O'Donnell on the other. Upwards of 30 rounds were fired from each gun.

**A WATER FINDER IN FRANCE.**—M. Amy, the disciple of the celebrated water-spring finder, the Abbé Parameille, lately had an interview with the Emperor, at St. Cloud, after which he was conducted over the grounds of Villeneuve-l'Etang. During the visit, several springs of water were discovered by M. Amy, one of them within a few yards of the chateau. The Emperor afterwards held a long conversation with M. Amy. During the interview, M. Amy showed his Majesty an attestation drawn up in due form by the Mayor of Luzarches, stating that on the 2nd instant some very important springs of water had been discovered in that commune exactly in the spots pointed out by M. Amy. The Emperor read this document aloud to the five or six persons present at the interview. It seems, that on the estate of M. Seydoux, a deputy, in the commune of Luzarches, some workmen were engaged digging a well for the twentieth time, without success, when, M. Amy passing by, said to the workmen, "You are within three metres of a good spring." The men worked on, and in two hours cut into one which gave twenty gallons a minute. M. Amy states that at a very short distance from the spot there was another, which would give eight hundred gallons a minute, and which might be conveyed to Paris without great expense, by turning to account the works of the railway near the place. "Are you very sure of that?" asked the Emperor. "Let me only be set to work," was the reply of M. Amy. "But are you fully aware," said his Majesty, "that it requires a large quantity of water to supply Paris?" "I am well aware of it," said M. Amy, "but I also know where to get it." "And for Versailles?" asked the Emperor. "That I also know where to find," was the answer. "Well then," said his Majesty, "send me in a report on the matter." M. Amy retired from the interview highly delighted, saying to those who accompanied him to the door of the Chateau, "I walked twelve leagues to see the Emperor pass at Grenoble, and I cried 'Vive l'Empereur,' although he had not then that title; and I have no reason to regret it."

**MARAT.**—A Swiss by birth, a surgeon by profession, an obscure writer, impotent of his obscurity, who sought notoriety and scandal instead of fame. No man of the age nourished in his soul a more sombre and concentrated detestation of society, because it gave no place to his scientific systems, to his social ideas, or to his suffering pride. Suddenly he was thrown into his congenial element, in the midst of the ruins and anarchy which the revolutionary turmoil had accumulated at his feet. Of these ruins he quickly constructed a Tribune for himself, for he by instinct divined that it was his part to be the Marius of the *Faubourgs*. His seductive fury was more dangerous than that of Camille Desmoulins, because it was more sincere. Fanaticism is the moving force of revolutions. Marat was the fanatic of the people; the people were not long in becoming the fanatics of Marat. His style—uncultured, savage, keen—abounding in vulgar images, derived from tears and blood, yet softened by passionate and earnest declamations on social iniquities and on the scantiness of wages—was as the sigh of a woman when it touched on the unfortunate, but as the growl of a lion when it turned against the happy. He made himself, at once, a representative of public calamities.—*Lamartine.*

#### THE TRIAL OF THE MURDERER ABRAHAM BAKER.

At the Assizes held at Winchester on December 20th, Abraham Baker was indicted for the wilful murder of Naomi Kingswell, at Southampton, on Oct. 14. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the prisoner and the deceased were fellow servants in the service of the Rev. Mr. Poynder at Southampton. It would seem that the prisoner was extremely fond of the deceased, and had been so for a considerable time. She at one period had evidently returned his affection, but circumstances had altered her views, and the acquaintance had in a measure been broken off; but, about four months before October, he, being in the service of Mr. Poynder, had recommended her to that gentleman's family, and she was taken as upper housemaid. The acquaintance had thus become renewed, and his fondness for her seemed to have increased. They were both of religious sentiments, and, apparently, of most excellent moral character. They went to church, and received the sacrament. The girl, however, began to receive his attentions with dislike, and treated him in a joking manner, which evidently irritated him, and the demon of jealousy commenced its work.

On Saturday, the 13th of October, he went to a gunsmith's in Southampton, and, after a good deal of parleying, he purchased a pistol, with ball and powder, for £15s., saying he wanted them to shoot a dog. On the Sunday morning he left the house of his master as if to go to church, but returned early, passed a few words with the cook, went into the pantry two or three times—eventually returned into the kitchen where the cook and the deceased were, went within a few inches of the latter, and then, without saying a word, took a pistol from under his coat and shot the deceased dead.

Several witnesses were examined, but no new facts were elicited in addition to those which have already appeared in our columns.

John Brewer, the Governor of Southampton Gaol, said, when the prisoner was in his custody, he expressed a wish to see the Mayor, before whom he made the following statement, which will be read with painful interest:—

"Gaol, Oct. 16.

"I wish to tell you, Sir, that I took up with this young woman about two years ago, at Miss Bussell's, at Ryde. She left the town and went to Bembridge. We felt very much at separating. We frequently wrote to each other. I think Naomi was at Bembridge about nine months. Several letters she sent me were joking about young men she knew there, which disturbed my mind very much, and I told her mother of it at the time. As she lived near, I often went of a Sunday, and used then to read to her and her children. I frequently took my tea there. Naomi's mother being a widow, I felt for her and her children. I used to do any little things that lay in my power for them. When we met we were almost too happy to see each other. This continued till I left my situation at Miss Carter's. Through our strong attachment to each other that I lost my place. She then told me that as I was going so far away we had better part. She sent a small note and a box with a few things I had given her. Her sending that, and my leaving my place, I felt both very much indeed. I went into my bedroom, and I could not help crying. After reading her letter to me, I had not heart to write anything at all to her afterwards. I went home to my friends at Newport, and the next day to Cowes to see my brothers. I returned to my friends the next day, and on the mantelpiece I found a letter, which was sent by Mr. Vanner, the carrier. I opened it and read it, and she wished to see me again very much, and wished to know what I was doing. She wished me to forgive her in sending the things back; so that, I would write but two words that she might know. I complied with her wish. I told her that I would forgive her everything, and wished to meet in peace again. On the Sunday following, I would bring my likeness and two books for her. We spent a very happy evening, and were sorry to part when 10 o'clock came. As I had nothing to do just then, I slept at Brading, and went to my father's the next morning. I was looking about for some few things, for something to do, and went to Southampton; slept at Mrs. Wood's some few nights. I found it so expensive there, that I took a week's lodgings at Mrs. Buzur's, at 8, in the Strand. I think I was there nearly or quite a month. Naomi kept writing to me, and I to her. She wished very much to come and live with me, and she was rather jealous of me, but her own mother knew there was no occasion for it whatever. What time I had to spare in the evenings, I went to the chapel. I went to the Wesleyan and Above-Har chapels, and to a lecture once or twice. I wrote to Naomi and told her that I had got a place; that it had been very expensive to me the long time I had been out—about £20, with giving my friends a trifle and keeping myself. I always explained things to her in the most homely way. In answer to my letter, she was happy to hear I had got a situation, and that I should do well, and if I should hear of anything in the same town to suit her, to let her know. In the course of two or three weeks Mrs. Poynder's maid-servant was leaving her. Mrs. Poynder wrote a letter and rang the bell for me to give that letter to Smith—that is, Mrs. Lacy, the cook, who brought it to my pantry, and read it to me. She asked me if I knew any one to suit Mrs. Poynder. I said, 'Yes, I know a very nice young person in the Isle of Wight,' and she wished to name it to Mrs. Poynder, to know if Mrs. Poynder would send for her or allow me to do it; as Mrs. Poynder was so satisfied with myself, she had no objection to my sending. I sent for her the same evening by post, and told her that Mrs. Poynder was in want of a servant. She wrote and told me the next morning that she was just upon leaving her place at Bembridge, and I was to give her duty to Mrs. Poynder, that she would comply with anything that she wished, as she could not get leave to see her personally. Mrs. Poynder sent for her character, which was received next morning, and gave great satisfaction. Mrs. Poynder sent to Naomi to tell her when to come, and respecting the work and the wages; and I believe Mrs. Poynder received an answer respecting her letter from Naomi, as a servant. I believe in two or three days after, I was to meet her at Southampton Pier by the 6 o'clock boat. We were very glad to see each other. I told her that as we parted once, I wished to remain with her as another fellow-servant. Her reply was, 'Very well.' If Mrs. Poynder should hear of our intimacy as has passed, we must only speak the truth. We knew right from wrong in every Christian way, as we had always done since we had known each other, and hoped that we may continue the same." Her answer was, in a very Christianlike manner, "Very well." We went for a walk once or twice when we were together—once to chapel. I told her that I was going to Anglesea with Mr. Poynder, and she would have to remain at home. She said she was sorry to hear it. I told her never to mind; the time would soon pass away, as Mrs. Poynder had promised to come down once or twice to Anglesea to spend a day or two, and that I might be up once or twice to see her. We were both sorry to be parted again so soon. We began to write to each other in the course of a few days, and I never in my letters sent her any jokes to upset her mind, which she frequently did in hers when I was at Anglesea. I put my thoughts back to when I was at Bembridge, and thought of it very much, as Mrs. Poynder had workmen in the house. Naomi continued to write in a joking way. I wrote and told her not to send any more jokes, it so very much upset my mind receiving so much from her in that way. She wrote and told me she would not do it again. In the course of a short time, I asked her if she would like to see me any more; if not, she would be kind enough to send my box and a few things to No. 8, on the Strand. She wrote and told me she did not wish to see me any more; neither should she send my things to the Strand. That again upset my mind very much, as I did not wish to meet her any more, but I was obliged to, as I could not leave Mrs. Poynder at Anglesea, as she was coming home in a few days. There was so much to do in packing up the things that I did not like to leave her without a man-servant. On Friday evening, when we got home to Southampton, I did not see her till some time after I was in the house. As I passed the kitchen door, Smith (which is Mrs. Lacy) said, 'Baker, here is some one wants to see you.' I said I would come directly. I went into the kitchen and spoke to Naomi, and wishing to shake hands with her and hoping she was well. She would neither speak a word nor shake hands. Mrs. Lacy did not observe it, but she was in the kitchen very busy unpacking, with her back to us. Mrs. Wells was washing up the tea-things with Naomi, and Mrs. Wells must have observed us. I was very sorry to see her so, and was much upset in my mind. I told her if she did not wish to see me any more, to be a little matter sociable with her fellow-servant. I spoke to her several times respecting the work, but she would not answer. I met her the following morning, and spoke to her. She did not speak then. I told her she never showed her temper so much before to me, neither had I ever seen it in any other fellow-servant so much. She knew my mind so well, it tried it to the extreme. I told her I could not live with her any longer, and I should give Mrs. Poynder notice to leave her on the following week. I think I told her I gave warning to Mrs. Poynder, which she seemed to be very glad to hear, which I felt very much hurt at, and leaving my place together, considering all things from the time I first knew her, the due respect and attention I always paid her in the most humble and homely manner, seemed altogether more than I could bear. I believe I said nothing more to her from that time until I used that unlawful weapon. The whole of the morning and the previous evening I did not know scarcely what I was doing. Naomi had upset my mind so much and so frequently.

"ABRAHAM BAKER.  
"Taken before me, at the gaol, this 18th day of October, 1855.  
"SAMPSON PAYNE, Mayor."

Mr. Baron Parke afterwards gave a summary of the evidence, when the jury retired, and having consulted together for about a quarter of an hour, returned a verdict of Guilty. Many of them were in tears.

The Learned Judge then passed sentence on A. Baker in the usual manner.

The prisoner had dropped senseless on the floor during the address of his counsel, and the attendants were bathing his temples and supporting him in a chair during the greater portion of the trial.

#### PROVINCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

**FIVE PERSONS POISONED AT BILSESDON.**—On Sunday week five persons were poisoned at Billesdon, in Leicestershire, under the following circumstances. Charles Partridge, a widower, who had formerly been a shopkeeper, but is now in reduced circumstances, had a baillif put into his house the week before last. Partridge had two children, a boy and a girl, living with him and his mother, a woman nearly 80 years of age, lived in an almshouse near his son, and on Sunday week she made a pudding at her son's house, and asked the baillif to have dinner with them. The whole party—the old woman, Partridge, his two children, and the baillif—all partook of the pudding, and became ill. The old woman died in about an hour, and one of the children also died in the course of the day; and up to the Wednesday night the other child, Partridge, and the baillif were not considered out of danger. The contents of the stomachs of the two victims, a portion of the pudding which was left, and the flour from which the pudding was made, were analysed, and arsenic found in the pudding and in the contents of the stomachs, but not in the flour. It appeared that the old woman had occasionally procured arsenic for the purpose of destroying rats and mice; that she had some from her son on his giving up shopkeeping, and that she had some screwed up in a bit of paper in her cupboard on the Sunday referred to. In the same cupboard, in similar bits of paper, she also had some carbonate of soda, and a mixture called "egg powder," and it is supposed that she used a portion of the arsenic, thinking it was the egg powder. An inquest was held, and the jury returned a verdict to the effect, that the arsenic was used by mistake.

**THE ROBBERY OF JEWELLERY AT PORTSMOUTH.**—A reply to an application of the mayor and magistrates of Portsmouth was received on Sunday last from the Home Secretary, to the effect that her Majesty's pardon would be extended to any accomplice in the late burglary at Messrs. Emmanuel's, of that port, who shall give such information as shall aid to the conviction of the offender or offenders. This is an addition to the £100 reward.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS AND POLITICS.**—An Irish paper states that several of the Meath priests who have distinguished themselves in politics have been forbidden, by the authorities at Rome, to attend political meetings in Dublin. The "Nation" is indignant, but the "Times" correspondent says:—"After the last indecent display of clerical domination at the Meath election, it was nearly time to resort to the muzzle by way of restraint. Seven and thirty ministers of religion, acting as gutter agents during two days of an unusually fierce contest, was a spectacle of which any party might feel ashamed."

#### THE PRISONING CASE AT RUGELEY.

**MR. W. PALMER,** surgeon, of Rugeley, who was committed on Saturday, Dec. 18th, on the verdict of the coroner's jury, for the wilful murder of Mr. John Parsons Cook, by poison, was removed to Stafford Gaol on Monday, last week, in a post-chaise. The accused, who has been suffering from illness for upwards of a week, was allowed to recline on pillows, and he was accompanied by the chief constable of the county, and Superintendent Woollaston.

In consequence of the suspicious deaths of the prisoner's wife and brother, and other individuals subsequently, the police authorities, in conjunction with the friends of the deceased Mr. Cook, determined to apply for an order to exhume the bodies. Since this determination, the churchyard at Rugeley, where the bodies are lying, has been strictly watched by police officers every night; and on Wednesday, J. H. Hutton, Esq., went to London for the purpose of obtaining an interview with Sir George Grey, the Secretary of State, and who, upon the representation made to him, issued an order for the exhumation of the bodies of the prisoner's wife and of his brother, Walter Palmer. Warrants have since been issued by the coroner for the disinterment of the bodies—the former having been interred about two years, and the latter nearly six months; and the remains of the stomach and intestines will be subjected to chemical analysis, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, whether death was caused from poison. The prisoner is stated to have received the sum of £13,000 from an insurance office, on the proof of his wife's death; and a similar insurance was effected on his brother's life—the policy before his death having been transferred to the prisoner, for an alleged debt of £100. The bodies of Ann Palmer, wife of the prisoner, and of Walter, his brother, were exhumed on Friday, last week, and conveyed to the "Talbot" Arms, Rugeley, where a jury of 23 persons had assembled to inquire into the cause of their death. A *post mortem* examination was made of the intestines, and forwarded to Professor Taylor for analysis.

Mr. Palmer has since died in Stafford Gaol.

**LETTER FROM MISS NIGHTINGALE.**—Miss Halliday, of Manchester, has received the following letter from Florence Nightingale—  
"Castile Hospital, Balacava, Nov. 22.—You have my best thanks for your very kind offer of again assisting in the supply of the wants of the soldiers. Of other articles there is now such a sufficient supply that the only things which it would now be of use to send are the following:—Stationery of all kinds, threads, cottons, tapes, buttons, the small 'diamond' size of Testaments, and small Prayer-books—this size being best adapted for the space the soldier has at his disposal—books of travels, biographies, 'Constable's Miscellany,' 'Household Words.' Of sermons and tracts, and of novels, we have an over-abundant supply. I beg also to thank you for your kind inquiries after my health, which is better than it has been.—I remain, dear madam, yours very truly, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

#### THE SANTALS AT BEERBOOM.

THE latest accounts from the seat of the Santal rebellion state that the insurgents were not defeated, that Beerboom, the head-quarters of the Santals (of which we this week give an engraving), was still in their hands, that the peasantry were harried by an enemy more troublesome than the Mahrattas, and that martial law had not been declared. Every officer, civil and military, was loud in remonstrance, but the council would not act. In addition to the various accounts which have appeared in previous numbers of this paper respecting the origin of this rebellion, we append the following. It is given in the form of a confession from Seedoo Manjee, through whom some "unknown god" is supposed to have uttered his decrees. This man is represented as a good specimen of his race, and is said to be a bold, clear-spoken savage, with no conscience and no remorse for the crimes he has committed. He says the Santals were ground down by the Bengalee money-lenders. The savages are always in want. They are fond of hunting, drinking, and dancing, and always anticipate the harvest. The money-lenders supplied their wants, and demanded interest at the rate of 500 per cent. The Santals were willing to pay only 25, or, as they phrase it, 4 annas for every rupee. The Muhajuns beat them, abused them, pulled their ears, and seized their crops. The Santals petitioned, but of course Englishmen, with their fixed ideas of free trade, refused to annul their agreements, or, indeed, to interfere. They resolved therefore to right themselves. Seedoo summoned all the Manjees, or village headmen, and while talking to them saw the Deity descend in the form of a cart-wheel. Two pieces of paper also fell on his head, in which he was ordered to exterminate the money-lenders and the Zemindars. A branch of the Saal tree was sent out to all the villages, and with the murder of an insolent dargah the revolt began. There was no hostility to Government whatever, and no wish at first to injure any one but Muhajuns and the Superintendents of the district, Mr. Poulet. Of course, a race of savages once let loose soon ceases to discriminate in its wrath, but revolt was no part of the original design. The insurrection began and continues from the same cause—the ultra-civilisation of the Government.

#### BRIGADIER GENERAL SHIRLEY, C.B.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIRLEY, of whose departure from the camp we this week give an engraving, left the army in the Crimea for England on October 25, on leave of absence "on urgent private affairs." As an officer, he was much beloved by his regiment—the 88th—the band of which, on the eve of his departure, played him out to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." The music of this well-known tune brought out the whole regiment, who gave him three thrilling Irish cheers, which were immediately taken up by the 77th, as he passed the camp on his way to Balacava, where he embarked for England.

Horatio Shirley entered the army as 2nd Lieutenant, May 12, 1825, and became a Lieutenant, October 31, 1826. He became a Captain July 5, 1833; a Major, December 31, 1841; Lieutenant-Colonel, January 18, 1848; and was ultimately promoted to the rank of Colonel, November 28, 1854. Colonel Shirley has served in the Eastern campaign of 1854-55; he commanded the 88th in the memorable battles of the Alma and Inkermann, and during the protracted siege of Sebastopol. He was General



BEERBOOM, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE SANTALS.

Officer of the trenches in the attack on the Quarries, on the 7th of June ; and commanded a Brigade in the attack on the Redan, on the 8th of September, where he was slightly wounded. As an acknowledgment of the distinguished services he has rendered to his country, he has had the honour of receiving from her Majesty a medal and clasp, and been made a C.B.

A private correspondent informs us, that "Every one that knows him in the least, likes him : his own regiment, the 88th, look upon him more as their father than as their general, and he is sincerely loved by the 77th."

General Shirley's leave of absence extends to the 31st of January next.

when he is again to return to the army in the Crimea, and is expected to take the command of the Second Brigade of the Light Division.

It seems that during the severe winter of last year, the inhabitants of Bury, in Lancashire, forwarded a stock of warm clothing for the use of the 88th Regiment in the Crimea. This gift on their part has been recently acknowledged by Colonel Shirley in the accompanying letter, addressed to Edmund Grundy, Esq., of Bridgehall, Bury :

"Dear Sir,—Last year, when you and other kind friends at Bury sent the 88th Regiment a large quantity of warm clothing, you expressed a wish that they would return you some trophy of the war, as a small me-

mento of the regiment. I could have sent you some long ago, but for the difficulty of getting them to England. Now, having returned myself, I have brought two Russian muskets, a drum, and a sword, which I beg of you to accept for the inhabitants of Bury. They were all found in the Redan, when we took possession of it on the 9th of September last.

"Believe me, my dear sir, yours very truly,

"H. SHIRLEY, Colonel of the 88th Regt."

The letter, it appears, was read at a recent meeting of the commissioners for the management of the town, when it was agreed that the trophies should be placed in the commissioners' room, at the Town Hall.



GENERAL SHIRLEY'S DEPARTURE FROM THE CRIMEA.—(SKETCHED BY LIEUT. HARVEY.)

## SAMUEL ROGERS.

JUST as a year, rendered memorable by our struggle with Russia and the fall of Sebastopol, is going out, the Bard of Memory has closed a life, which began when George the Third was in the bloom of youth, when the Earl of Bute was First Minister of the British Crown, when the Seven years' war was brought to a conclusion, and when, by-the-way, our plenipotentiary at Paris was telling the friends of David Hume, that the great historian was coming there with the new ambassador, and also "some surprising things about the pride and insolence of Pitt," who, as "the Great Commoner," was then the pride of England and the terror of her foes. Having said so much, it is hardly necessary to add, that the poet has lived through remarkable events—the War of American Independence, the French Revolution, the empire of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, some of which are already so distant that most of us only know them as matters of history. Our object, indeed, is not to deal with a subject so wide, but merely to present such a sketch of the departed bard's career as may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers.

In an old stuccoed house, flanked by a large garden, and situated at the corner of what was then the village of Newington Green, now absorbed by the illimitable metropolis, Samuel Rogers drew his first breath, in the year 1763. His father was a banker, a man well known, and much respected in his sphere; and his mother derived her descent from the Nonconformist family which produced the celebrated Matthew Henry. Rogers does not appear to have been one of those marvellous children, who "lisped in numbers," and besides there is a story which gives us the impression of his having been ambitious to figure rather as a preacher than a poet. When the embryo Bard of Memory was in early youth, his father one evening asked all his boys what they would be. Sam would not tell unless he might write it down, for nobody but his father to see. What he wrote was, "A Unitarian minister."

At the age of nine, however, Rogers read Beattie's "Minstrel," and the perusal of that didactic poem inspired him with the determination of cultivating the "divine art." At fourteen, his irrepressible enthusiasm impelled him to desire an interview with Dr. Johnson; and, with that object, he twice presented himself at the great moralist's door, in Bolt Court. Fortune was decidedly against him. On the first occasion, Johnson was not at home; and, on the second, the aspirant, after having rung the bell, became so nervous at the prospect of being face to face with such an illustrious sage, that without waiting for the door being answered, he slipped out of the way, and beat a precipitate retreat.

Having been educated privately, but with great care, Rogers went to the Continent, and travelled through Europe. He is stated to have been in Paris when the States-General had assembled,



THE LATE SAMUEL ROGERS.

and when Mirabeau, with scarred forehead and repulsive countenance, was hurling defiance at the Court, and directing the destinies of France.

Notwithstanding his "strong ambition to unroll a lay," and appear as a man of song, Rogers was destined for business, and provided with a stool in his father's banking-house. But even at this disadvantage, though his youthful enthusiasm might be dissipated, his love of intellectual pursuits and of artistic excellence was not eradicated. He made an effort for fame; and, having first appeared in print with a spirited "Ode to Superstition," he, in 1792, published the "Pleasures of Memory"—a poem which, while it irresistibly reminds readers of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," enjoys the distinction of having established its author's reputation as a poet, and suggested something more important than a mere name to the Bard of Hope.

When his worthy sire went the way of all flesh, Mr. Rogers removed from the house in which he had first seen the light, and taking up his quarters at the Temple, lived for five years in chambers. About this period, he was anxious to purchase an estate in the country, not too far from town, and even fixed on Fredley Farm, in Surrey, which was then in the market. There he proposed building a house, in accordance with his own tastes and fancies. By some means the farm escaped him, and settling in St. James's Place, he continued his residence there to the day of his death.

Twenty-seven years after the appearance of "Pleasures of Memory"—years of poetical change, which witnessed the rise of Scott, and saw his "star and crescent" grow pale for a while, before the blaze of Byron's sun—Mr. Rogers, who meantime had published his "Jaqueline," and a fragment entitled "The Voyage of Columbus," came before the public with "Human Life," a poem exhibiting all the pleasures, trials, aspirations, and triumphs of a man, from the cradle to the grave. This work, however, deals only with one section of the community—that of the gentry—and the author refrains from descending among the struggling multitude, with whose woes, wants, and wishes, a wealthy banker, even though a man of fine tastes and rare accomplishments, could hardly be expected to sympathise very strongly.

It was in 1822 that Mr. Rogers published "Italy"—a descriptive poem in blank verse, which critics pronounced "perfect as a whole," and which is a charming picture of the graces and griefs of the beautiful regions to which it relates. The work abounds with fine subjects for the painter and sculptor, affords delightful glimpses of Italian scenery, life, and traditions, and glows with the author's love of the old ruined glories of the classic land.

"Italy" was the poet's last work. He was somewhat slow in composition—so slow, indeed, that Sydney Smith made merry at his expense on that point. Being asked one day whether Rogers had written anything lately. "Only a couplet," was the reply—(the couplet being his celebrated



THE LIBRARY OF ROGERS, THE POET

epigram on Lord Dudley). "Only a couple?" exclaimed Sydney Smith. "Why, what would you have? When Rogers produces a couple, he goes to bed; and the knocker is tied,—and straw is laid down,—and candle is made,—and the answer to inquiries is, that Mr. Rogers is as well as can be expected." Thus, while he was cogitating his few pages of verse, "dawned couples," as Moore said, showing a forthcoming poem in boisterous, but still making alterations; he was now and then seeing a whole new world of poetical subject and treatment laid open; and not seldom helping to facilitate the disclosure. Moore always said that he owed to Rogers the idea of "Lalla Rookh." Rogers had lingered so long over his story of the "Foscari," that Byron did it first, to his great distress; but he received the drama with a very good grace.

The generosity with which Rogers opened his purse to aid the needy and distressed sons of genius is beyond all praise. His bounty, it is said, soothed the last hours of Sheridan. His aids to Moore have been recently made known by the publication of the Diaries. It was Rogers who secured to Crabbe the £3,000 from Murray, which were in jeopardy before. He advanced £500 to Campbell to purchase a share of the "Metropolitan Magazine," and refused security. And he gave thought, took trouble, used influence, and adventured advice. This was the conduct and the method of the last of the patrons of literature in England.

Mr. Rogers was not, of course, without his failings. Greater men than he have had their eccentricities, or whatever they may be called. We are told that when the poems and romances of Scott had made him so great, that "princes bowed to his name, and nations thrilled at it," his chief pride was, that the blood of the old chivalrous knights and marauding chiefs of the Border flowed in his veins; and we cannot help thinking that there was a degree of courage, if not wisdom, in the expression of such a feeling, in an age when ancient blood is at a decided discount, and when wealth, however transient, and titles, however new, are the objects of so much public respect. But the eccentricity of Rogers, unlike that of his far-famed contemporary, was a weakness, and no mistake. When the money, which he derived from the profits of his bank, rendered his existence both easy and enviable, and moreover enabled him to figure as the possessor of literary and artistic treasures, the munificent patron of art and literature, the friend of the great, the brave, the brilliant, and the noble, and the centre of a wise, witty, and learned circle, he exercised jealous care in keeping out of sight the fact, that he was a rich city banker. It is said that when, several years ago, his bank was robbed to so enormous an amount by the pillage of a safe, that everybody supposed it must stop payment; and when it did not stop, and all his great friends testified their sympathy first, and then their joy, it was a curious thing to observe the old poet's bearing, and to hear the remarks upon it. He was wonderfully reserved, and passed off the whole with a few quiet jokes, through which was plainly seen his mortification at being recognised as a banker, in a sphere where he hoped he was known as an associate of the great, as a man of agreeable manners and conversation, and as the first *connisseur* in England.

We quite concur in the opinion, that it must have been by an extraordinary combination of position, of intellectual and social qualities, of prudence and of wisdom, that the same man, who was the friendly rival of Byron, Wordsworth and Scott, talked finance with Huskisson and Peel upon equal terms, exchanged *bon mots* with Tallyrand, and was the friend of all the eminent men and many of the indigent and miserable who flourished and suffered during three parts of a century. If Rogers could not thrill the soul and fire the imagination, make the heart swell, the eye glisten, and the lip quiver, let us remember that he was, to use a homely image, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and the path of his life was, as it were, paved with gold. He did not, therefore, know what it was to go to bed supperless, or sup without going to bed; to dine with Duke Humphrey, and sleep in a garret; to marry without prudence, and live without comfort; to contract debts, and trust in Providence for their liquidation.

Poets, like princes, must endure the means before they can hope to achieve the end; and he never knew the fierce struggle, nor the wear and tear of life. His existence appears to have been wonderfully calm, serene, and dignified, and so is his verse. He had nothing of the magic vision and faculty of Scott; or of the strong passions, the burning thoughts, the nervous power of versification, the impassioned force, which exalted Byron so rapidly above all rivals. Of all our great poets, he is thought most to resemble Campbell, though without the latter's lyre fire. He is chiefly distinguished by the quality of taste. We seldom or never encounter in his pages great ideas, brilliant flashes, or luxuriant imagery; but his verse is clear, free, polished, and harmonious, characterised by purity of style and refinement of sentiment. Some of his lines are indeed exquisitely touching in their way, capable at once of gaining gently on the heart, suggesting trains of fine associations, and exciting the tenderest feelings of our nature. As a poet, or rather a poetic artist, his name will, doubtless, continue to occupy an honourable place among the English classical writers of the age; but it will not, like those of some of his mighty contemporaries, "broaden on the skies of fame," or have the glory of becoming a loved and familiar word around the hearths of the strong-handed and warm-hearted sons of toil.

#### THE RESIDENCE OF THE POET ROGERS.

Most lovers of art and literature knew that the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," had been a resident for half a century or more in a house in St. James's Place, (No. 23), within the walls of which, every one of his chief poems, except "The Pleasures of Memory," were written. The St. James's Place front of the building is sufficiently dull and uninteresting, but the side which overlooks the Green Park, though without much pretension, has still a fit and comfortable appearance. Near the top is an open verandah, in which are plants and vases; the long garden in winter is thickly planted with laurels and other evergreens, and in summer is gaily decked with seasonal flowers. In this house, during three generations, the banker bard had gathered round him the most celebrated statesmen, poets, painters, sculptors, and those who in science or in other ways were honourably distinguished.

Within its hospitable walls have met Fox, Grattan, and the men of that age; Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Moore, Crabbe, Campbell, Southey and Wordsworth; also, Chantrey, Stothard, Flaxman, Wilkie, and poor Haydon, and a host of bright luminaries of what may be considered the last generation. The names of those of the present day who have enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Rogers, are almost legion.

The chief pride of Mr. Rogers, as it has been remarked by a daily contemporary, consisted not so much in gathering round his table men who had already achieved eminence, as in stretching forth a helping hand to friendless merit. Wherever he discerned ability and power in a youth new to the turmoils and struggles of London life, it was his delight to introduce his young client to those whom he might one day hope to equal. The courtesy and consideration of the host soon drew forth the same qualities in his guests. Many a man now living can remember that on a Saturday night he went to bed an unknown lad, thinking of the celebrated men of his time as a person thinks who has only read about them, and on Sunday walked home from the hospitable house of Mr. Rogers, encouraged to persevere in his task by the hearty good wishes and friendly sympathy of those who had heretofore appeared to him almost as inhabitants of another world.

A house so eminently connected by association with the great in literature, art, and science, as that of Mr. Rogers was, becomes naturally a place of general interest; but beyond this claim upon our attention, the taste with which it was furnished and decorated throughout was such as to awaken the admiration of all who chanced to be admitted within its precincts. The hall boasts some choice Greek and other sculptures, with busts and vases of large size. The dining-room wherein so many noted persons have met together, and which overlooks the park, is of considerable length, and is lighted by a bow window which occupies the whole of one end, from which pleasant glimpses of the trees and undulating turf are obtained; near the window on one side of the room is a fine head by Rembrandt; on the other side, the famous head of Christ crowned with thorns, by Guido; other portions of the walls are covered with choice examples of the works of Rubens, painters of the Italian and Spanish schools, and some of the best of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures; for

instance, the Strawberry Girl and Puck—that wonderful personification of frolic and mischief. In the bay of the window is a mahogany pedestal, ornamented with a Grecian scroll, and carrying an exquisite vase; it is, however, to the carving on the stand that we would particularly refer. One day, when Chantrey, the sculptor, had reached the height of his fame, and was paying a visit to Mr. Rogers, he said, laying his hand on the pedestal, "Sir, do you remember a journeyman carver waiting some years ago in this room to receive your instructions respecting this identical stand, and the sideboard at the further end of the room? I was that workman, then a journeyman receiving 30s. per week!" On the sideboard to which Chantrey alluded is the original model of the bust of Pope, by Roubiliac. In different parts of the room Etruscan and other vases are disposed.

We step up-stairs, glancing at portions of Greek architecture, into the library—a square-looking apartment, lined with book-shelves on all sides except above the mantelpiece, where hangs a fine picture by Reynolds. On the wirework are original drawings by Raphael, Turner's drawing of "Stonehenge in a Thunderstorm"—the wild sky, lightning, the stricken sheep and shepherd, the bereft lamb and howling dog, harmonising well with that startling effort of man's handiwork.

Leaving the library we pass through a vestibule, containing works of art, to the drawing-room, in which there is a glorious display of fine pictures of different schools. Near the door is a cabinet of light-coloured wood, in the panels of which is the first painting of Stothard's "Canterbury Pilgrims," with his "Garden of Bocaccio," and other designs. The effect is excellent, and causes us to feel regret that the application of art to similar purposes is not at present more generally sought.

Mr. Rogers has bequeathed the three finest of his pictures to the National Gallery. First, the beautiful Titian, "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," the crowning gem of the collection, and formerly in the Orleans Gallery. Another of the pictures bequeathed to the National Gallery is the full-length portrait of a young knight, by Giorgione—noble and powerful in face and figure, with the head masterly painted, and the armour rendered with great force and brilliancy. The third picture bequeathed to the nation is the "Christ crowned with Thorns," painted by Guido, to which we have already alluded.

There is another picture, of which we must speak; for there is a deeper interest attached to it than that arising from its value as a work of art. This is the well-known "Madonna and Child," by Raphael. Of this picture the following anecdote is told by a visitor to Mr. Rogers:—"Amongst the other apartments to which the poet conducted us, was his own bedchamber—an unpretending room, where the chief feature, to which the eye naturally turned, was a veiled picture, hung so that it could be seen by the occupant of the bed. Our host drew the curtain, and there was the seraphic Madonna and Child."

"There," said Rogers, with a cheerful yet slightly solemn voice—"do you know why I have hung that picture in that particular spot? Well, it is that when I come to die, I may die with that face before my eyes."

Whether this wish of the Poet of Memory was gratified, in that solemn final moment when his spirit was rendered up to its Creator, we shall learn on some future occasion from Dr. Beattie, who attended the aged bard in his last illness.

#### Literature.

*The History of England from the Accession of James the Second.* By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Vols. 3 and 4. Longmans.

It is a fact very characteristic of our period, that we should have a history selling as nothing usually sells but a most successful novel. It shows that our reading public has enormously increased, for one thing. But it shows also that history itself has a good deal changed its character; and, of course, it speaks wonderfully for the gifts of the historian. Every great writer of history has his peculiar and special merit; and as Livy is famous for his narrative, and Tacitus for his portraits—Gibbon for his vast grasp, and Hume for his epic clearness—so Macaulay has the praise of being the most *readable* historian who ever lived. Of all historians, this one has best earned the commendation of having written a history which has the kind of attraction we expect from a pamphlet, a comedy, or a novel. We gladly testify that we have enjoyed the work before us as much as we can enjoy intellectual excitement. It is as pleasant and pungent as "Pickwick," or the "School for Scandal."

Why Mr. Macaulay should be so very popular, is a fact to be explained from more things than from his style. He has had the *éclat* of parliamentary success—great reviewing success—and great newspaper celebrity. All these tell. But he satisfies the curiosity which his renown excites. He satisfies by the exercise of qualities all belonging to the fame he has gained apart from his history. That is to say, he writes like a man of the world, like a debater, like a diner and talker, like a man who shone at the "Union," and was suckled on the "Edinburgh Review." He gained his worldly success by making his talents tell—by using them strikingly, rapidly, forcibly;—and now he is gaining his historical success in the same way. He writes, not like a recuse or a philosopher, but like a man expecting a "cheer" at the end of a brilliant paragraph, or a social laugh at the end of a jocular one. His style is alive and kicking—to use a vulgar phrase—just colloquial enough to be amusing and exciting, and just grave enough to show that he is a scholar, and knows how literature ought to differ from conversation.

Now, it is very tempting and plausible to say that he is too amusing for a historian. But this is hardly fair. Why may we not have an amusing history as well as witty sermons, or brilliant discussions on the currency—sermons like Swift's on "Sleeping in Church," or discourses like Canning's? There are many dull historians, and some brilliant ones, far inferior in information. It is a phenomenon in keeping with others of the age. In an age of reviews and fiction, newspapers and comic journals, our histories must necessarily bear the colour of the time, and be written to the many. But we must remember that the modern history of England is not necessarily an abstruse matter, but one on which many thousands may without presumption hold opinions. We must also remember that Macaulay is as thoroughly well-read and laborious a man as the dullest scholar in Christendom—that he works as hard as a Dutch philologer—and has had every advantage in his studies into the bargain. We must remember that the brilliant and the useful are compatible—and that the gay plumage of the kingfisher enables it to fly as well as the sober plumage of the goose. It will be seen presently that we are far from being thick-and-thin admirers of Macaulay, or from swearing by his opinions. But we have made these hasty preliminary remarks, knowing that some fellows who affect profound will for the next few weeks be shaking their heads about the dignity of history, and affecting to have a tender regret for the neglected Dionysus of Halicarnassus.

Macaulay is, to our thinking, the luckiest man in the literary world. He is just showy enough, and just solid enough. Nobody can deny his smartness, and nobody can question his reading; so that he is read by the haughty of the Casino, and by the Oxford Professor of Greek. Jokers about town, who read nobody, and sneer at everybody—men proud of their ignorance, and with plenty of it to be proud of—will go through these two volumes astonished to find that it is possible to take the same kind of interest in William of Orange as they have always done in Don Cesar de Bazan. And the best of it is, that, meanwhile, it is a history for which libraries have been ransacked and archives explored—that innumerable old pamphlets and newspapers have had their essences distilled into it—that old maps and guide-books, family MSS., and county histories—have by a fine literary chemistry yielded matter to enrich it. No writer so happily hits the medium of attractiveness in all ways. He has not Scott's imagination, nor Thackeray's dramatic power, nor Carlyle's depth and glow, nor Lamartine's glitter of sentiment, but he has something of all these qualities. And that something he uses with a fine, ready, practical vigour, smacking of Parliament and the dinner-table, and full of common sense—dogmatic, shrewd, lively, and pithy. We rather think this common sense the basis of the whole of his gifts. He has a kind of mixture of the sagacity of Whately or Mill, with the smartness and ornament of Jeffrey or Moore. It shows his judgment, that it is a modern and prosaic part of our annals which he selects. So much shrewd-

ness and sarcasm would be thrown away on a period like that of the Crusades. He is at home among Whigs and Tories, Parliaments and St. James's Street; and when he ventures among stranger phenomena, neither satisfactory nor amusing, and not always tolerable.

These volumes contain the history of William's reign down to the close of the war against Louis XIV. in 1697. The incidents are very various and important. Ireland, and the Catholic religion in Ireland, were finally crushed into quiet. A great blow was struck at the system of the Highlands—the power of England and the cause of Protestantism were asserted vigorously abroad. The Revolution of 1688 was consolidated at home against the House of Stuart—and the foundations of our modern system of Government by parties and the House of Commons laid. The National Debt began. The currency was reformed. The press was liberated from the censorship; and toleration was (in a modified form) organised into law. In fact, modern England, as distinct from feudal England, was formed itself with marked activity during those years. The next reign found a new England, almost. We differ, indeed, much now from the England of Queen Anne—but in reading its men we find ourselves far more at home with them, than with the men of only one generation before. We can feel like brothers almost with Pope, Swift, Walpole, Hervey; but the last of the Cavaliers or the last of the Puritans is in a kind of romantic twilight to us—strange as the Elizabethan men—strange almost as the Froissart men. The period of transition is important, and we thank Macaulay for giving it in detail.

Of course, everybody knows what our historian's point of view is. It is the practical Whig view, and, in spite of its Whiggism, one taken by the vast mass of men of business and men of the modern world. He looks on the period, not as a brutal falling off from Puritan heroism, like Carlyle; nor as a selfish triumph of faction against ancient hereditary ideas, like the Tories; nor as a time when the success of an oligarchy, aristocratic-commercial, was first established, and the way paved for exclusiveness and misrule, like the Radicals; but as an age whose worst faults were inherited from the previous Stuart ages, whose doings were right and beneficial in the main, and have provided us with a wise system of Government and unbounded prosperity. He is a sound Constitutional and earnest Whig, and if—as we think—he will pass for a strong aristocrat from these volumes, that will be from no inconsistency, but from strict consistency on his part. The Whigs, as Burke justly said, are essentially an aristocratic party. Macaulay approves what is loosely called "progress," but it is progress under the shadow of the ancient system of England. So much have things changed, that plenty of passages here will be welcome to Tories; and that a book ostensibly liberal will be thought the extreme of bigotry by Radicals. Those who strictly hold with Macaulay in everything, will be not, perhaps, numerous; but the general tone, spirit, and tendency, will satisfy masses.

He has put his steady old constitutional theory so well, in one passage of Volume III., that we select it for our first extract:—

#### THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.

"Of all the Acts that have ever been passed by Parliament, the Toleration Act is perhaps that which most strikingly illustrates the peculiar vices and the peculiar excellencies of English legislation. The science of Politics bears in one respect a close analogy to the science of Mechanics. The mathematician can easily demonstrate that a certain power, applied by means of a certain lever, or of a certain system of pulleys, will suffice to raise a certain weight. But his demonstration proceeds on the supposition that the machinery is such as no load will bend or break. If the engineer, who has to lift a great mass of red granite by the instrumentality of real timber and real hemp, should absolutely rely on the propositions which he finds in treatises on Dynamics, and should make no allowance for the imperfection of his materials, his whole apparatus of beams, wheels, and ropes, would soon come down in ruin, and, with all his geometrical skill, he would be found a far inferior builder to those painted barbarians who, though they never heard of the parallelogram of forces, managed to pile up Stonehenge. What the engineer is to the mathematician, the active statesman is to the contemplative statesman. It is indeed most important that legislators and administrators should be versed in the philosophy of government; as it is most important that the architect, who has to fix an obelisk on its pedestal, or to hang a tubular bridge over an estuary, should be versed in the philosophy of equilibrium and motion. But, as he who has actually to build must bear in mind many things never noticed by D'Alembert and Euler, so must he who has actually to govern be perpetually guided by considerations to which no allusion can be found in the writings of Adam Smith or Jeremy Bentham. The perfect lawgiver is a just temper between the mere man of theory, who can see nothing but general principles, and the mere man of business, who can see nothing but particular circumstances. Of lawgivers in whom the speculative element has prevailed to the exclusion of the practical, the world has during the last eighty years been singularly fruitful. To their wisdom Europe and America have owed scores of abortive constitutions, scores of constitutions which have lived just long enough to make a miserable noise, and have then gone off in convulsions. But in the English legislature the practical element has always predominated, and not seldom unduly predominated, over the speculative. To think nothing of symmetry and much of convenience; never to remove an anomaly merely because it is an anomaly; never to innovate except when some grievance is felt; never to lay down any proposition of wider extent than the particular case for which it is necessary to provide: these are the rules which, from the age of John to the age of Victoria, generally guided the deliberations of our two hundred and fifty Parliaments. Our national distaste for whatever is abstract in political science, amounts undoubtedly to a fault. Yet it is, perhaps, a fault on the right side. That we have been far too slow to improve our laws, must be admitted. But, though in other countries there may have occasionally been more rapid progress, it would not be easy to name any other country in which there has been so little retrogression."

This is as substantially wise, as it is excellently put, and we hope our younger readers will ponder it as a wholesome set-off against the democratic and socialist twaddle which besets them on every side.

Macaulay has as near an approach to hero-worship as his nature—not over prone to that kind of feeling—admits, for William III. A man to be loved, William scarcely was; but he was a man to be heartily respected. Considering that he was surrounded by traitors, men who had always one eye to the exiled King, while the other was turned to keeping their heads and lands; considering that he was a stranger here, with a system of administration all turned rotten to work with, he showed consummate ability. Macaulay paints him, rather after the rhetorical than the dramatic manner—more like Burke than Scott. In Macaulay you see a figure. Scott or Thackeray would make the figure move; Shakespeare would make it move, with the whole spiritual life of it shining through. We do not call Macaulay a great painter; but he is a dexterous, shrewd, and clever one. To illustrate this part of his talent, we shall now look out one of his portraits—one of his portraits in his best manner. We pitch on Wharton—that Wharton of whom Swift has given a most savage sketch, and who was father of a still more famous (and more infamous) Wharton, known to all who read Pope.

#### WHARTON.

"With Russell, Somers, and Montague, was closely connected, during a quarter of a century, a fourth Whig, who in character bore little resemblance to any of them. This was Thomas Wharton, eldest son of Philip Lord Wharton. Thomas Wharton has been repeatedly mentioned in the course of this narrative. But it is now time to describe him more fully. He was in his forty-seventh year, but was still a young man in constitution, in appearance, and in manners. Those who hated him most heartily,—and no man was hated more heartily,—admitted that his natural parts were excellent, and that he was equally qualified for debate and for action. The history of his mind deserves notice: for it was the history of many thousands of minds. His rank and abilities made him so conspicuous, that in him we are able to trace distinctly the origin and progress of a moral taint which was epidemic among his contemporaries."

"He was born in the days of the Covenant, and was the heir of a covenanted house. His father was renowned as the distributor of Calvinistic tracts, and a patron of Calvinistic divines. The boy's first years were passed amidst Geneva bands, heads of lank hair, upturned eyes, nasal psalmody, and sermons three hours long. Plays and poems, hunting and dancing, were proscribed by the austere discipline of his saintly family. The fruits of this education became visible, when, from the sullen mansion of Puritan parents, the hot-blooded, quick-witted young patrician emerged into the gay and voluptuous London of the Restoration. The most dissolute cavaliers stood aghast at the dissoluteness of the emancipated precian. He early acquired, and maintained to the last, the reputation of being the greatest rake in England. Of wine indeed he never became the slave; and he used it chiefly for the purpose of making himself the master of his associates. But to the end of his long life the wives and daughters of his nearest friends were not safe from his licentious plots. The ribaldry of his conversation moved astonishment, even in that age. To the religion of his country he offered, in the mere wantonness of impiety, insults too foul to be described. His mendacity and his effrontery passed into proverbs. Of all the liars of his time, he was the most deliberate, the most inventive, and the most circum-

stantial. What shame meant he did not seem to understand. No reproaches, even when pointed and barbed with the sharpest wit, appeared to give him pain. Great satirists, animated by a deadly personal aversion, exhausted all their strength in attacks upon him. They assailed him with keen invective; they assailed him with still keener irony; but they found that neither invective nor irony could move him to anything but an unforced smile and a good-humoured curse; and they at length threw down the lash, acknowledging that it was impossible to make him feel. That, with such vices, he should have played a great part in life, should have carried numerous elections against the most formidable opposition by his personal popularity, should have had a large following in Parliament, should have risen to the highest offices of the state, seems extraordinary. But he lived in times when faction was almost a madness; and he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of the leader of a faction. There was a single tie which he respected. The falsehood of mankind in all relations but one, he was the trustee of Whigs. The religious tenets of his family he had early renounced with contempt; but to the politics of his family he steadfastly adhered through all the temptations and dangers of half a century. In small things and in great his devotion to his party constantly appeared. He had the finest stud in England; and his delight was to win plates from Tories. Sometimes when, in a distant county, it was fully expected that the horse of a High Church squire would be first on the course, down came, on the very eve of the race, Wharton's Careless, who had ceased to run at Newmarket merely for want of competitors, or Wharton's Gelding, for whom Louis the Fourteenth had in vain offered a thousand pistoles. A man whose mere sport was of this description, was not likely to be easily beaten in any serious contest. Such a master of the whole art of electioneering, England had never seen. Buckinghamshire was his own especial province, and there he ruled without a rival. But he extended his care over the Whig interest in Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Wiltshire. Sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, members of Parliament were named by him. As a canvasser he was irresistible. He never forgot a face that he had once seen. Nay, in the towns in which he wished to establish an interest, he remembered not only the voters, but their families. His opponents were confounded by the strength of his memory and the affability of his deportment, and owned that it was impossible to contend against a great man who called the shoemaker by his Christian name, who was sure that the butcher's daughter must be growing a fat girl, and who was anxious to know whether the blacksmith's youngest boy was breeched. By such arts as these he made himself so popular, that his journeys to the Buckinghamshire Quarter Sessions resembled Royal progresses. The bells of every parish through which he passed were rung, and flowers were strewed along the road. It was commonly believed that, in the course of his life, he expended on his parliamentary interest not less than eighty thousand pounds, a sum which, when compared with the value of estates, must be considered as equivalent to more than three hundred thousand pounds in our time.

"But the chief service which Wharton rendered to the Whig party, was that of bringing in recruits from the young aristocracy. He was quite as dexterous a canvasser among the embroidered coats at the Saint James's Coffee House as among the leather aprons at Wycombe and Aylesbury. He had his eye on every boy of quality who came of age; and it was not easy for such a boy to resist the arts of a noble, eloquent, and wealthy flatterer, who united juvenile vivacity to profound art and long experience of the gay world. It mattered not what the novice preferred, gallantry or field sports, the dice-box or the bottle. Wharton soon found out the master passion, offered sympathy, advice, and assistance, and, while seeming to be only the minister of his disciple's pleasures, made sure of his disciple's vote."

The is just the man Macaulay can limn,—not like Hogarth, for his humour has not feeling enough in it, but like the very best political caricaturists, such as H. B.

But there is a class of men with whom he does not succeed so well; and while we are on this point of his portraiture, we shall produce one of his sketches, which may serve as an example of the grave deficiencies of his mind. The following is Mr. Macaulay's idea of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, who died in 1691:—

#### GEORGE FOX.

"More than forty years had elapsed since Fox had begun to see visions and to cast out devils. He was then a youth of pure morals and grave deportment, with a perverse temper, with the education of a labouring man, and with an intellect in the most unhappy of all states, that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam. The circumstances in which he was placed were such as could scarcely fail to bring out in the strongest form the constitutional diseases of his mind. At the time when his faculties were ripening, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, were striving for mastery, and were, in every corner of the realm, refuting and reviling each other. He wandered from congregation to congregation: he heard priests haranguing against Puritans: he heard Puritans haranguing against priests; and he in vain applied for spiritual direction and consolation to doctors of both parties. One jolly old clergyman of the Anglican communion told him to smoke tobacco and sing psalms: another advised him to go and lose some blood. The young inquirer turned in disgust from these advisers to the Dissenters, and found them also blind guides. After some time he came to the conclusion that no human being was competent to instruct him in Divine things, and that the truth had been communicated to him by direct inspiration from heaven. He argued that, as the division of languages began at Babel, and as the persecutors of Christ put on the cross an inscription in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, the knowledge of languages, and more especially of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, must be useless to a Christian minister. Indeed, he was so far from knowing many languages, that he knew none; nor can the most corrupt passage in Hebrew be more unintelligible to the unlearned than his English often is to the most acute and attentive reader. One of the precious truths which were divinely revealed to this new apostle was, that it was falsehood and adulteration to use the second person plural instead of the second person singular. Another was, that to talk of the month of March was to worship the bloodthirsty god Mars, and that to talk of Monday was to pay idolatrous homage to the moon. To say Good morning or Good evening was highly reprehensible, for those phrases evidently import that God had made bad days and bad nights. A Christian was bound to face death itself rather than touch his hat to the greatest of mankind. When Fox was challenged to produce any Scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it is written that Shadrac, Meshach, and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on; and if his own narrative may be trusted, the Chief Justice of England was altogether unable to answer this argument except by crying out, 'Take him away, gaoler!' Fox insisted much on the not less weighty argument that the Turks never show their bare heads to their superiors; and he asked, with great animation, whether those who bore the noble name of Christians ought not to surpass Turks in virtue. Bowing he strictly prohibited, and, indeed, seemed to consider it as the effect of satanical influence, for, as he observed, the woman in the Gospel, while she had a spirit of infirmity, was bowed together, and ceased to bow as soon as Divine power had liberated her from the tyranny of the Evil One. His expositions of the sacred writings were of a very peculiar kind. Passages which had been, in the apprehension of all the readers of the Gospels during sixteen centuries, figurative, he construed literally. Passages, which no human being before him had ever understood in any other than a literal sense, he construed figuratively. Thus, from those rhetorical expressions in which the duty of patience under injuries is enjoined he deduced the doctrine, that self-defence against pirates and assassins is unlawful. On the other hand, the plain commands to baptise with water, and to partake of bread and wine in commemoration of the redemption of mankind, he pronounced to be allegorical. He long wandered from place to place, teaching this strange theology, shaking like an aspen leaf in his paroxysms of fanatical excitement, forcing his way into churches, which he nicknamed steeple-houses, interrupting prayers and sermons with clamour and scurrility, and pestering rectors and justices with epistles much resembling burlesques of those sublime odes in which the Hebrew prophets foretold the calamities of Babylon and Tyre. He soon acquired great notoriety by these feats. His strange face, his strange chant, his immovable hat, and his leather breeches, were known all over the country; and he boasts that, as soon as the rumour was heard, 'The Man in Leather breeches is coming,' terror seized hypocritical professors, and hireling priests made haste to get out of his way. He was repeatedly imprisoned and set in the stocks, sometimes justly, for disturbing the public worship of congregations, and sometimes unjustly, for merely talking nonsense. He soon gathered round him a body of disciples, some of whom went beyond himself in absurdity. He has told us that one of his friends walked naked through Skipton declaring the truth, and that another was divinely moved to go naked during several years to market-places, and to the houses of gentlemen and clergymen. Fox complains bitterly that these pious acts, prompted by the Holy Spirit, were required by an untoward generation with hooting, pelting, coach-whipping, and horse-whipping. But, though he applauded the zeal of the sufferers, he did not go quite to their lengths. He sometimes, indeed, was impelled to strip himself partially. Thus he pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot through Lichfield, crying, 'Woe to the bloody city!' But it does not appear that he ever thought it his duty to appear before the public WITHOUT THAT DECENT GARMENT FROM WHICH HIS POPULAR APPELATION WAS DERIVED."

A sketch of a man who founded a great religious body should scarcely conclude with a joke in the style of "Punch." But the whole view of Fox is, in its way, as narrow and sectarian as Fox's own sect could ever be. A poor, ignorant man, filled with religious enthusiasm, deserves more respect. If Fox was "disordered," what shall we say to Bunyan or Loyola, who had many of these symptoms in common? Macaulay tells us, in a note, that he talked "nonsense," and his disciples paraphrased it into "sense." He would not allow this had Fox been an enthusiast for Whiggery, instead of an enthusiast for Christ; he would then have told us, with his usual force, that a want of the power of lucid expression is not incompatible with thought and earnestness,—that mere nonsense could not have fascinated minds like Barclay's and Penn's,—that sense can be

evolved from obscure sense, but that to say sense can be got out of nonsense, implies an absurd contradiction on the face of it.

We have made these observations, not from any personal interest in Fox, who is no more to us than Wesley, or Peter the Hermit. But the fact is, the whole passage throws more light on the historian than on the subject of it. Few eminent men are so rigidly bound by limitations as Macaulay; he has few hearty sympathies out of Whiggism and scholarship; he has little tenderness or sentiment; his humour is sharp rather than deep, and smacks more of Voltaire than of Hood or Lambe.

And this brings us to other aspects of the history, where the same truth is made manifest. His political bias is so strong, that we caution our readers against it as we should caution a juryman against an advocate. The Whig statesmen of that day played base and selfish games. Our historian is too honest not to say so; but the blame is thrown on the bad school of the Stuart reigns. Charles Montague is elaborately praised, the Tory Harley carefully depreciated; Dundee's "wickedness" is spoken of, but the Master of Stair plans what Macaulay himself calls the "barbarous murder" of Glencoe, and we have forthwith an ingenious discourse on the evil effects of ill-regulated public spirit. All that was good in Dundee is quietly skimmed over; all that was good in the Master of Stair is dashingly brought out. But, surely, Dundee had at least the excuse of firm convictions, which backed up his fiery military character, and made his wickedness take the garb of loyalty to the crown. While all that one can say for the Master, is, that in cold blood he planned a massacre with the same calculation as a ratcatcher uses in preparing to clear a barn—under the idea that by and by it would civilise the Highlands. Indeed, he was worse, far—not only than Dundee, but than Robespierre. Robespierre slew men to maintain his government and save his own neck, under the notion that both were needful to the welfare of France. The Master of Stair had not the stimulus of a revolution, but elaborated a scheme of fiendish murder with the coldness of a pedant. Of course Macaulay does not defend Glencoe; but he slurs over the question of William's knowledge of the matter much more briefly than we could wish. He speaks of the Highlands with a kind of exaggeration of their barbarism, which smacks of the narrowness of a man who can see no excellence out of capitals, and in a town not very pleasing from the bearer of a Highland name. This, as well as his contempt for squires and rustics, we set down, partly to scholastic, partly to political narrowness, and partly, also, to a love of contrast and antithesis, which seems to haunt him through his whole writings, like the craving of a drunkard for his dram. He is always pungent, and always pungent too on one side of human affairs.

We shall now show how admirably Macaulay can tell what in anybody else's hands would be a dull story. The National Debt is not a lively subject in any aspect; but Macaulay gives its history with infinitely more vivacity than nine men out of ten bring to the narratives of love-stories, literary breakfasts, sea-fights, or tournaments. We begin with its

#### ORIGIN.

"The year 1692 had bequeathed a large deficit to the year 1693; and it seemed probable that the charge for 1693 would exceed by about five hundred thousand pounds the charge for 1692. More than two millions had been voted for the army and ordnance, near two millions for the navy. Only eight years before, fourteen hundred thousand pounds had defrayed the whole annual charge of government. More than four times that sum was now required. Taxation, both direct and indirect, had been carried to an unprecedented point; yet the income of the state still fell short of the outlay by about a million. It was necessary to devise something. Something was devised, something of which the effects are felt to this day in every part of the globe.

"There was indeed nothing strange or mysterious in the expedient to which the Government had recourse. It was an expedient familiar during two centuries to the financiers of the Continent, and could hardly fail to occur to any English statesman who compared the void in the Exchequer with the overflow in the money market.

"During the interval between the Restoration and the Revolution the riches of the nation had been rapidly increasing. Thousands of busy men found every Christmas that, after the expenses of the year's housekeeping had been defrayed out of the year's income, a surplus remained; and how that surplus was to be employed was a question of some difficulty. In our time, to invest such a surplus, at something more than three per cent., on the best security that has ever been known in the world, is the work of a few minutes. But in the seventeenth century a lawyer, a physician, a retired merchant, who had saved some thousands and who wished to place them safely and profitably, was often greatly embarrassed. Three generations earlier, a man who had accumulated wealth in a profession generally purchased real property, or lent his savings on mortgage. But the number of acres in the kingdom had remained the same; and the value of those acres, though it had greatly increased, had by no means increased so fast as the quantity of capital which was seeking for employment. Many, too, wished to put their money where they could find it at an hour's notice, and looked about for some species of property which could be more readily transferred than a house or a field. A capitalist might lend on bottomry or on personal security: but, if he did so, he ran a great risk of losing interest and principal. There were a few joint-stock companies, among which the East India Company held the foremost place: but the demand for the stock of such companies was far greater than the supply. Indeed, the cry for a new East India Company was chiefly raised by persons who had found difficulty in placing their savings at interest on good security. So great was that difficulty, that the practice of hoarding was common. We are told that the father of Pope the poet, who retired from business in the City about the time of the Revolution, carried to a retreat in the country a strong box containing nearly twenty thousand pounds, and took out from time to time what was required for household expenses; and it is highly probable that this was not a solitary case. At present the quantity of coin which is hoarded by private persons is so small, that it would, if brought forth, make no perceptible addition to the circulation. But in the earlier part of the reign of William the Third, all the greatest writers on currency were of opinion that a very considerable mass of gold and silver was hidden in secret drawers and behind wainscots.

"The natural effect of this state of things was that a crowd of projectors, ingenious and absurd, honest and knavish, employed themselves in devising new schemes for the employment of redundant capital. It was about the year 1688 that the word stock-jobber was first heard in London. In the short space of four years a crowd of companies, every one of which confidently held out to subscribers the hope of immense gains, sprang into existence: the Insurance Company, the Paper Company, the Lutestring Company, the Pearl Fishery Company, the Glass Cottle Company, the Alum Company, the Blythe Coal Company, the Swordblade Company. There was a Tapestry Company which would soon furnish pretty hangings for all the parlours of the middle class and for all the bed-chambers of the higher. There was a Copper Company which proposed to explore the mines of England, and held out a hope that they would prove not less valuable than those of Potosi. There was a Diving Company which undertook to bring up precious effects from shipwrecked vessels, and which announced that it had laid in a stock of wonderful machines resembling complete suits of armour. In front of the helmet was a huge glass eye like that of a cyclop; and out of the crest went a pipe through which the air was to be admitted. The whole process was exhibited on the Thames. Fine gentlemen and fine ladies were invited to the show, were hospitably regaled, and were delighted by seeing the divers in their panoply descend into the river and return laden with old iron and ship's tackle. There was a Greenland Fishing Company which could not fail to drive the Dutch whalers and herring busses out of the Northern Ocean. There was a Tanning Company which promised to furnish leather superior to the best that was brought from Turkey or Russia. There was a society which undertook the office of giving gentlemen a liberal education on low terms, and which assumed the sounding name of the Royal Academus Company. In a pompous advertisement it was announced that the directors of the Royal Academus Company had engaged the best masters in every branch of knowledge, and were about to issue twenty thousand tickets at twenty shillings each. There was to be a lottery: two thousand prizes were to be drawn; and the fortunate holders of the prizes were to be taught, at the charge of the Company, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, Spanish, comic sections, trigonometry, heraldry, juggling, fortification, bookkeeping and the art of playing the theorbo. Some of these companies took large mansions and printed their advertisements in gilded letters. Others less ostentatious, were content with ink, and met at coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange. Jonathan's and Garraway's were in a constant ferment with brokers, buyers, sellers, meetings of directors, meetings of proprietors. Time bargains soon came into fashion. Extensive combinations were formed, and monstrous fables were circulated, for the purpose of raising or depressing the price of shares. Our country witnessed for the first time those phenomena with which a long experience has made us familiar. A mania, of which the symptom were essentially the same with those of the mania of 1720, of the mania of 1825, of the mania of 1845, seized the public mind. An impatience to be rich, a contempt for those slow but sure gains which are the proper reward of industry, patience, and thrift, spread through society. The spirit of the cogging diceurs of Whitefriars took possession of the grave Senators of the City, Wardens of Trades, Deputies, Aldermen. It was much easier and much more lucrative to put forth a lying prospectus announcing a new stock, to persuade ignorant people that the dividends could not fall short of twenty per cent., and to part with five thousand pounds of this imaginary wealth for ten thousand solid guineas, than to load a ship with a well-chosen cargo for Virginia or the Levant. Every day some new bubble was puffed into existence, rose buoyant, shone bright, burst, and was forgotten."

Here we see the conditions which made it natural. We proceed to the

actual measure which established it, and to the historian's view of its consequences:—

#### PROGRESS AND CHARACTER OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

"On the fifteenth of December, 1693, the House of Commons resolved itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. Somers took the chair. Montague proposed to raise a million by way of a loan; the proposition was approved; and it was ordered that a bill should be brought in. The details of the scheme were much discussed and modified; but the principle appears to have been popular with all parties. The moneyed men were glad to have a good opportunity of investing what they had hoarded. The landed men, hard pressed by the load of taxation, were ready to consent to anything for the sake of present ease. No member ventured to divide the House. On the twentieth of January the bill was read a third time, carried up to the Lords by Somers, and passed by them without any amendment.

"By this memorable law new duties were imposed on beer and other liquors. These duties were to be kept in the Exchequer separate from all other receipts, and were to form a fund on the credit of which a million was to be raised by life annuities. As the annuities dropped off, their annuities were to be divided among the survivors, till the number of survivors was reduced to seven. After that time, whatever fell to go to the public. It was therefore certain that the eighteenth century would be far advanced before the debt would be finally extinguished. The rate of interest was to be ten per cent., till the year 1700, and after that year seven per cent. The advantages offered to the public creditor by this scheme may seem great, but were not more than sufficient to compensate him for the risk which he ran. It was not impossible that there might be a counter-revolution; and it was certain that, if there were a counter-revolution, those who had lent money to William would lose both interest and principal.

"Such was the origin of that debt which has since become the greatest prodigy that ever perplexed the sagacity and confounded the pride of statesmen and philosophers. At every stage in the growth of that debt, the nation has set up the same cry of anguish and despair. At every stage in the growth of that debt, it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. Yet still the debt went on growing; and still bankruptcy and ruin were as remote as ever. When the great contest with Louis the Fourteenth was finally terminated by the Prince of Utrecht, the nation owed about fifty millions; and that debt was considered, not merely by the rude multitude, not merely by fox-hunting squires and coffee-house orators, but by acute and profound thinkers, as an encumbrance which would permanently cripple the body politic. Nevertheless, trade flourished, wealth increased: the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession; and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians, and orators pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increasing prosperity, signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed, ought to have satisfied observant and reflecting men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford. Soon war again broke forth; and, under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt, the debt was rapidly swelled to a hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had now really arrived. The only statesman, indeed, active or speculative, who did not share in the general delusion, was Edmund Burke. David Hume, undoubtedly one of the most profound political economists of his time, declared that our madness had exceeded the madness of the Crusaders. Richard Cœur de Lion and Saint Louis had not gone in the face of arithmetical demonstration. It was impossible to prove by figures that the road to Paradise did not lie through the Holy Land: but it was possible to prove by figures that the road to national ruin was through the national debt. It was idle, however, now to talk about the road: we had done with the road: we had reached the goal: all was over: all the revenues of the island north of Trent and west of Reading were mortgaged. Better for us to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria than to be saddled with the interest of a hundred and forty millions. And yet this great philosopher—for such he was—had only to open his eyes and to see improvement all around him, cities increasing, cultivation extending, marts too small for the crowd of buyers and sellers, harbours insufficient to contain the shipping, artificial rivers joining the chief inland seats of industry to the chief seaports, streets better lighted, houses better furnished, richer wares exposed to sale in stately shops, swifter carriages rolling along smoother roads. He had, indeed, only to compare the Edinburgh of his boyhood with the Edinburgh of his old age. His prediction remains to posterity a memorable instance of the weakness from which the strongest minds are not exempt. Adam Smith saw a little, and but a little, further. He admitted that, immense as the burden was, the nation did actually sustain it and thrive in it in a way which nobody could have foreseen. But he warned his countrymen not to repeat so hazardous an experiment. The limit had been reached. Even a small increase might be fatal. Not less gloomy was the view which George Grenville, a minister eminently diligent and practical, took of our financial situation. The nation must, he conceived, sink under a debt of one hundred and forty millions, unless a portion of the load were borne by the American colonies. The attempt to lay a portion of the load on the American colonies produced another war. That war left us with an additional hundred millions of debt, and without the colonies whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over; and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming in spite of all the diagnostics and prognostics of State physicians. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of one hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of one hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprang from the French revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, tasked the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions. If the most enlightened man had been told, in 1793, that, in 1815, the interest on eight hundred millions would be duly paid to the day at the Bank, he would have been as hard of belief as if he had been told that the Government would be in possession of the lamp of Aladdin or of the purse of Fortunatus. It was in truth a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. But again that cry was found to have been as unreasonable as ever. After a few years of exhaustion, England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's valentine, who continued to whiner that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty till her wealth showed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. The beggared the bankrupt society, not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but while meeting those obligations grew richer and richer so fast, that the growth could almost be discerned by the eye. In every county we saw wastes recently turned into gardens: in every city, we saw new streets, and squares, and markets, more brilliant lamps, more abundant supplies of water: in the suburbs of every great seat of industry, we saw villas multiplying fast, each embosomed in its gay little paradise of lilacs and roses. While shallow politicians were repeating that the energies of the people were borne down by the weight of the public burdens, the first journey was performed by steam on a railway. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the whole amount of the national debt at the end of the American war was, in a few years, voluntarily expended by this ruined people in viaducts, tunnels, embankments, bridges, stations, engines. Meanwhile taxation was almost constantly becoming lighter and lighter; yet still the Exchequer was full. It may now be affirmed without fear of contradiction that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions as our ancestors found it, a century ago, to pay the interest of eight millions.

"It can hardly be doubted that there must have been some great fallacy in the notions of those who uttered and of those who believed that a long succession of confident predictions, so signally falsified by a long succession of indisputable facts. To point out that fallacy is the office rather of the political economist than of the historian. Here it is sufficient to say that the prophets of evil were under a double delusion. They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual, and the case of a society which is in debt to a part of itself; and this analogy led them into endless mistakes about the effect of the system of funding. They were under an error not less serious touching the resources of the country. They made no allowance for the effect produced by the incessant progress of every experimental science, and by the incessant efforts of every man to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew; and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt.

"A long experience justifies us in believing that England may, in the twentieth century, be better able to bear a debt of sixteen hundred millions than she is at the present time to bear her present load. But be this as it may, those who so confidently predicted that she must sink, first under a debt of fifty millions, then under a debt of eighty millions, then under a debt of one hundred and forty millions, then under a debt of two hundred and forty millions, and lastly under a debt of eight hundred millions, were beyond all doubt under a two-fold mistake. They greatly overrated the pressure of the burden: they greatly underrated the strength by which the burden was to be borne."

We have now given sufficient extracts to show what we think the strong and what we think the weak points of this remarkable work of a remarkable writer. Its influence is destined, no doubt, to be great, and deserve to be so. But we recommend all students to hesitate about giving implicit faith and loyalty to one whose prejudices and limitations of view are as notable as his abilities—who is to be carefully guarded against when most admired, and who (in spite of consummate talent and industry) falls short, we think—chiefly through the want of depth of feeling and width of view—want of poetry and want of sentiment—of being a very great historian. We do not believe Macaulay will ever rank with men like Tacitus. But there is no question of his being a very well-instructed and most entertaining writer.

CHRISTMAS IN THE BALTIC



A DALECARLIAN BALL



SLEIGHING BY TORCHLIGHT

(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)



CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA—THE NIGHT LEVY.—(DRAWN BY F. T. DOLBY.)



CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA—REINFORCEMENTS MARCHING TO THE CRIMEA.—(DRAWN BY F. T. DOLBY.)

## CHRISTMAS IN THE BALTIC.

THROUGHOUT the north of Europe, and especially in Sweden, the winter season is regarded as the time for amusement.

In the first place, there is no kind of business to be transacted. The frost puts a stop alike to the operations of the farmer and the merchant. The earth is converted into a solid rock, buried several feet in snow, and the ports are frozen up, not only inside the harbours, but sometimes for twenty or thirty miles out to sea; but the natural gaiety of the Swedes, and their intense love of amusement, convert this season into one perpetual round of pleasure.

It must also be remembered that the cold, great as it is, does not affect one like our English cold. The air of a northern winter is dry, clear, and bracing, giving a wonderful cheerfulness and elasticity to the spirits; and the raw, penetrating fogs of our climate are seldom known. The Swedish houses, too, are very differently constructed and warm compared with our dwellings. In Stockholm, the solid stone walls, double windows, and stoves in every room and corridor, bid defiance to frost, even at 10 or 12 deg. below zero; and in the country the double-walled timber houses (the spaces between the two walls being stuffed with moss) are equally efficacious.

The first fall of snow and setting-in of winter in Stockholm is rather looked forward to as the signal for mirth. Out come the sleighs, the bells jingling, and the horses' feet crunching the crisp snow. Christmas is at hand, and the open-house Swedish hospitality manifests itself everywhere. Away under the deep blue sky rattle the sleighers and skaters for miles and miles, to visit distant friends, for now is the time for long journeys, with little fatigue to "man or beast." Up the glorious lakes which stretch their arms from Stockholm (and, in fact, all over Sweden), go these merry trains of holiday-makers, sweeping past rocky islands, covered with black-looking pines bending under the weight of snow, and dashing over the vast expanse of the frozen lake, whose echoing surface betrays, with a drumming, tremulous sound the progress of other sleighers crossing its remoter parts—on they go, laughing, singing, and shouting, while, above all, may be heard the click, click of the whips, and the jingle, jingle, jingle of the bells, borne from an immense distance through the clear, calm atmosphere.

Arrived at the farm or country-house, they find the feast ready spread, and the visitors' appetites, sharpened by their ride, do ample justice to the hospitality of the host. On leaving (after having paid their devotions at the shrine of Bacchus) the return invitation is given, the horses are got out, and the sleighs brought to the door. The torches are then lighted, and away go our friends, rather more noisy than when they came in the morning; and soon falling in with the stream of others wending their way homeward, help to fill up the chorus of shouting, hallooing, crackling, and jingling, that marks the progress of the "Sleighers by torchlight."

For short drives, the magnificent Park of Stockholm affords ample scope for those disposed for the amusement, and it is this subject we have chosen for our illustration. In the northern provinces the same merrymaking is going on, only on a rougher and more boisterous scale. In Dalecarlia, or "Dalarne" as it is called in Swedish, the red painted timber houses are heated to a terrific degree, hung with branches of fir inside, and the floors strewn with small twigs of the same trees, in token of welcome to all comers.

Our second illustration of Christmas in the Baltic, depicts a Dalecarlian Ball, and those who know what a Dalarne peasant's shoe is like, will only hope that no gentleman or lady of the party, having taken, perhaps, a little too much "Brandy" (white brandy), may inadvertently tread on his or her partner's toes.

A writer in "Chambers's Journal," two or three years since, gave some very interesting descriptions of the Christmas season in Sweden. These are so picturesque and life-like that we shall venture to quote a few extracts from them, commencing with an account of Jul-afton or Christmas Eve, which, instead of Christmas Day, is the grand family festival of Sweden. From the charming family in its noble palace, to the poorest dwellers in their wooden huts, Jul-afton is in some way celebrated throughout the land.

"In the most beautifully situated Swedish capital, what a concentration of bustle and preparation for weeks goes on! Wherever one goes, the word Jul-afton is heard from almost every lip: every fair-hand one sees is employed in making Jul-klappar; which droll word, pronounced Yule-klappar, you will understand to mean Christmas-presents. At this season, every face looks at seems to have a Jul-klapp expressed in its regards; at this season, every one works more, and works more heartily. The elderly Fröken, or noble old maids, get up raffles, and dispose of various articles, to enable them to give Jul-klappar.

"It was nearly six o'clock on Christmas-eve. I was alone in my apartments, looking from the windows at one of the most remarkable and agreeable of the striking scenes which Stockholm at this winter season presents, and hearing, without sharing in, the commotion that was going on in the large house of which myself and my apartments formed an atom; when a very tall figure, wrapped in a great fur-mantle, appeared in the half-open folding-doors, nearly filling up the space from top to bottom. 'The church-service is already over,' said this good Swede; 'but if you will come to see the Yule-market now, I will come for you at half-past six to-morrow morning, to go to see the churches.'

"A thickly fur-lined cloak, an enormous pair of long boots, were put on directly, and we went out together. The white ground, the clear air, the still crimson horizon, and the house lights sparkling here, there, and everywhere, had a cheering influence. The streets are miserably lighted, by oil-lamps hung out in the ancient style, sometimes across the streets; but the numerous windows of the broad and high white houses are all in light, for each floor is inhabited, and they are shaded only by tall plants, or, at most, by a muslin drapery; so that Stockholm from my windows at night, gives one the idea of a general illumination, rather than that of an ill-lit city.

"The light of some lanterns fitted curiously over the snow: they were carried by servants, escorting some ladies; for it is one of the many rules of Swedish propriety that no lady can walk out at night without a lantern. If the moon shines brighter than the sun at noonday, which in winter it often does; if the Northern Lights shoot up their gloriously-coloured radiance along the far-off and elevated horizon, the lantern must precede your steps, casting its blinding, bewildering glare upon your eyes—for the lantern is the Swedish lady's proof of propriety. I made my tall Swede a good substitute for the lantern; and on Jul-afton enjoyed that curiously-interesting scene—a winter view of Stockholm at night. We went on the great square, called that of Gustavus Adolphus, or Gustaf Adols Torg, joining the bridge of Norrbro, the great promenade of Stockholm, and the finest part of the town. The splendid palace is at its termination; the waters of Lake Malar, that most exquisite and now frozen-up lake, whirl beneath it to cast themselves into the Baltic Sea.

"We leave the water, and enter close, horribly-paved, and usually dark and dirty streets. Now they are frozen, and they are bright; all shops busy—all streets thronged; all people seem hastening eagerly homeward, yet still the throng is the same. We get to the Yule Market: it consists of booths, erected for the occasion, and filled mostly with plain and useful articles for simple households; and with a vast stock of religious and royal prints. I bought the whole of the handsome, amiable, and pleasing royal family of Sweden, for about threepence English; and with them there was exhibited, naturally, the scene of that wonderful birth that was to be commemorated on the morrow. The union of royalty with religion is something curious in Sweden, and in all churches a royal and a religious picture seem one and the same thing. In this market were many Yule-trees—but only the skeletons, as it were—a young fir-tree set in a tub of earth, and left ready for dressing at home. There were many Yule-candlesticks—little wooden chandeliers, covered with cut paper, prettily ornamented, and holding about a dozen small tapers; these are for the children's tables, and are the children's delight.

"The scene on our way back was still brighter; the large rooms of large houses were lighted up, supper-tables ready, great Yule-candles placed upon them, people were going in and out, young forms were momentarily seen glancing through the brilliant rooms, and among the prettily-arranged house-plants; and without, though all was white and very cold, no sights of actual misery met my view. In one window was a beautiful Julträd—but the tiny wax-lights were arranged on the dark fir-branches in the shape of an immense star; and it stood in the window glittering and

twinkling, while we stood on the snowy plain, and looked up at it, perhaps, with nearly as much pleasure as the happy urchins for whom it was prepared, and who, with eager, joyous faces, were preparing for their dance around it. We entered the great gate of our court; I climbed the back stone-stairs in the dark, and found my way into our Grävnan's kitchen. The quiet cook was busy at the furnace preparing the Jul-afton, or Christmas supper.

"While we were eating dried fruits, there came a loud knocking at the door: a strange figure, grotesquely clothed in white, came in, a white paper mask on its face, towering up to the top of the head in a fool's-cap fashion, with two gray eyes looking palely out of the holes cut for them, a large basket on each arm, and a bundle on the back. These were filled with Jul-klappar, and away it tumbled over the floor, jerking out white paper parcels and enormous packages, to be caught at by all those whose names and addresses they bore. These presents are all sent anonymously; no one is supposed to know the name of the giver, but every one knows it very well.

"Now comes the Yule-supper, or Jul-afton; for afton, in Swedish, signifies both the evening, and the meal you eat at that time. Every country, I believe, makes eating and drinking, more or less, a component part of its ceremonies and festivals; and each, I think, has some particular dish, or some national drink, on such occasions. Here, for instance, I asked a gentleman some time ago, how they observed Christmas-eve in his country? 'Oh, we eat gröt,' he made answer. I lately put the same question to a lady who spoke English perfectly, but had never been in England. 'What do you do on Christmas-eve?' I said. 'We eat gruel,' she replied. 'Eat gruel!' I ejaculated. 'Yes; gruel is our dish for Jul-afton. I think you eat gruel in England also?' 'Not at Christmas-suppers.' 'When then?' 'When the doctors or law-makers order it—when we are ill, or when we are in prisons and workhouses.'

The lady looked shocked at this despicable use of the famous Christmas-dish of Sweden. 'There is another favourite dish that we always use on Jul-afton,' she continued; 'that is, Lut Fisk.'

"This lut fish is stock-fish laid in solution of potash until it is half-disolved—in fact, until decomposition takes place. The smell of it is terrific: it is boiled, and eaten with oily sauce, and the doctors prescribe it as being very wholesome. Remedies are sometimes worse than diseases.

"I was quite anxious to see the famous gröt. The lut fish, however, came first: I wished to taste it, but the smell was invincible, and I only bowed to it at a distance. And then came the much-talked of gröt—boiled, hot rice—with a crock of cold meat, and the usual accompaniment of a Swedish table—a fine basin of pounded sugar to use with it. Our Jul-afton was now over.

"My good Swede had said, he would come for me at half-past six o'clock on Christmas-morning; the wish to be ready kept me wakeful, and shortly after six o'clock, when I was dressed and waiting, I heard the slipshod sound of goloshes coming up the long stone stairs, and my tall Swede, drawing himself up, made a low bow at the door of my room.

"Then we descended the icy cold staircase, and passed over the frozen streets, where the firmest snow cracked under our feet. They were covered with moving figures, servants carrying lanterns before ladies, and wolf and dog-skin covered coachmen waiting shivering at doors. Most persons, however, were on foot, scarcely a sledge was seen moving, nor the jingle of their musical bells to be heard. In three hours' time, full daylight might be expected, for it was now nearly half-past six o'clock. A flood of light guided us to the church, which was the point of our destination. There was no gas there, but the effect was all the more curious: that great church was literally studded with candles—common tallow candles—which flared and glared in the keen morning air. The pillars were wreathed with them, the galleries set along with them in a double line; the brilliant altar, the gilt and decorated pulpit, all was in a blaze of candles; in fact, the church was dressed with lighted candles much as our churches are dressed with holly and ivy. The profusion of candles was extraordinary, but the profusion of human creatures was more so. Far into the street, beyond the front-door, that mass of people were seen standing quietly, but looking anxious. The porch, where nothing but the organ could be heard, was filled: many had their psalm-books open. By the term psalm-book, the whole Swedish service is to be understood. The chief part of that service consists in singing these psalms, which are not the Psalms of David, but those of Wallin, Tegner, and other celebrated modern poets of Sweden.

"Finding it impossible even to stand in this large church, which on ordinary occasions is empty and dark enough, we left it, and went to Stor Kyrkan, or the great church of Stockholm. There the brilliancy appeared to be greater, and the crowd scarcely less. An enormous gold candlestick, with seven branches, was all lighted up: it was a gift from a former queen, in gratitude for her husband's escape from the Danes. More than twenty others surrounded the altar, which was in a blaze of light. The glittering and ornamented pulpit was literally wreathed with candles; and in the midst of its brilliancy appeared a plain, dark figure, making into a prayer some of those metrical psalms which are used for all purposes—to eke out a sermon, or to make up a prayer, or to be sung in a lengthened, monotonous strain by a drowsy congregation. But I must not forget that it is Christmas morning, and that I am standing in intense cold in Stor Kyrkan. Truly, the church needs to be great, for great is the concourse that flocks to its portals. They are mostly of the lower, and next of the middle classes; but one of the highest is here also; for in a state-pew, which a large gilt crown indicates as that used on state occasions by the truly amiable and beloved King Oscar I., sits now that most interesting-looking and intellectual young prince, Gustaf. The young royal student and artist is an early riser, and here he is attending the Jul-otta.

"It was a curious sight to see so many people crowding out at this early hour on a mid-winter's morn, more especially as the natives certainly feel the cold of their own climate more than foreigners do—at least they take much greater precautions against it. But what most surprised me, was to see the vast numbers of children, not infants, but children from six to ten years of age, who were so zealously brought to this service. Many were carried over the cold streets, and through the closely-packed crowd. An honest countryman might be seen here holding up in his arms what in Ireland would be expressively called a clever lump of a boy, that he might see and hear to more advantage. Mothers anxiously guided in little girls, with heads tied up in kerchiefs; young lads carefully conducted under their auspices still younger brothers; and motherly little sisters of twelve years old, with airs of maternal authority, worked their onward way with junior sisters. The object of all these seemed to be, to get in as far they quietly could; and with wonderful, but noiseless, scarcely perceptible perseverance, the end was accomplished. 'I do not think many of our English parents would like children to come out to church service so early in mid-winter.' I remarked to my companion, as we came out. 'Many of these people,' he replied, 'come from the country; the lower classes among us are anxious to get their children to this Jul-otta, because it is a tradition among them, that they will in that case easily learn to read; and in a country where all must read, it is naturally an object to get that art easily acquired.'

"My guide then went on to say, 'We have morning prayer every morning in our churches, and it is called Oite-sang; but when we speak of the same service on Christmas morning, it is usual to call it Jul-otta. In the country, the people often set out for the distant churches at midnight; in returning, there is generally a race to get home first; for it is said, whoever gets first home from Jul-otta shall get his harvest first in next season; or, if he is in want of such a blessing, will be the first to get a wife. Sometimes it is a little unsafe to return in such company—yes, I assure you. I went with a friend of mine once—a mad fellow he was. We started at two o'clock in the morning in his sledge: I knew he wanted to get married; and I will tell you, madame, I did not like it coming back. But he bought a horn, and blew it all the road home, so that the other sledges left his way clear; and he arrived first, and was married that year. Yes, that is true.'

"It is a pity," I said, "that among you they make the Jul-afton so exclusively a family affair. They have quite a dislike to let strangers mix with their home society on that evening, although they are less exclusive and more hospitable on Christmas Day."

"Yes; you see, madame, our people are a domestic and home-loving people. I think families here are much more attached than they are with

you. This Jul-afton is our great family festival; Jul-dag, or Christmas Day, is observed more religiously. It is not so pleasant to you to see Jul-afton here in Stockholm. In the capital, all is artificial life. In my province, you would have seen it better. There it is joyful time, not for poor people only, but for beasts and birds. At harvest-time the Yule-sheaf is put by unthrashed at every farm-house, and on Christmas Eve it is hung out on a high pole near the farmer's door, for the famishing birds to make their Jul-afton. If the Yule-sheaf were not seen there, the people would believe the farmer would have a bad season; they would think him a hard man, and not like to help him. As for the beasts, they give them double food on Jul-afton; and then the labourers say, 'Eat well, my good beasts, and thrive well, for this is Jul-afton.' If this were omitted, they would expect some misfortune to befall the creatures. Also must the servants be cared for. The mistress has to arrange tables for them; sometimes one for each servant, or if there are many servants, one table for two or three. Such a table is called Jul-bord; it is covered with a white napkin, and on it she lays Jul-bullar, or Christmas bread, or cakes. These are made in a peculiar manner, and in strange figures: in farms they generally make them in the shape of horned cattle—then they are called Jul-oxen; but when in other shapes, they are called Jul-kusar; and on these tables the servants' presents, or Jul-klappar, are also laid. Sometimes what is left uneaten of these Christmas cakes is preserved at farm-houses till the first day of spring, when the ploughing commences. That is another great day in the country; the servants and labourers then get the rest of their Jul-oxen, and soften these hard Christmas cakes in beer. So, you see, that saves some expense, and forms another of the treats they get on the first ploughing-day."

## CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA.

THE festival of Christ's Nativity is celebrated with no particular display of popular enthusiasm on the part of the inhabitants of Russia, and we believe that this is generally the case among the members of the Greek Church in other climes. Easter with them is the grand festival of their religion. The present Christmas, instead of bringing a brief yet blessed period of rejoicing to the Muscovite serf, is, we fear, visiting him with those bitter miseries which follow in the train of the conscription. Fancy the horror of some poor wretch on being aroused from his bed, and ordered to march off forthwith to serve the Czar. Fancy the terrible grief of his wife and little ones at having all that is most dear to them in this world torn from them, never to be restored to them again—with want and suffering their lot for evermore. The conscript thus stolen from the bosom of his family is marched off to the nearest town to be examined and passed by the proper authorities. Fortunate indeed is it for him if some physical infirmity should cause his rejection. To guard against this, for every twelve men really wanted, thirty are in the first instance selected. Those that have the good luck to escape are nevertheless kept away from their work for several weeks without any indemnity whatever. Beyond losing his services and the money value which these represent, the proprietor of the serf is also called upon to contribute about £8 sterling to provide the recruit with an outfit and to arm him.

From the various districts where the recruiting parties have been at work, the newly-made levies are to be seen continually marching southward or westward, as the case may be, until they all fall into the great road to the Crimea, at the town of Ekaterinoslav, on the Dnieper, not far from Pultowa, memorable for the defeat of the gallant King Charles the Twelfth of Sweden.

But it is on their way to this point that the principal difficulties and privations of the winter march are experienced; for although every peasant in the line of march is compelled to assist with his cart, horse, and even his own personal strength to urge forward the baggage and *matériel* of the army, yet, in a forced march, the sufferings of the soldiers are immense.

A sudden and violent snow-storm will occasionally bury hundreds of men who may not keep close to the main body; and even that main body can only by great exertion stagger along, frozen as they are, and every movement impeded by the clogging snow. As far as the simple conveyance of provisions is concerned, winter is the best time, as the sledges afford a rapid and easy mode of transit. It is the men who suffer on the dreary march.

THE LONDON OMNIBUS COMPANY.—The prospectus has been issued of the General London Omnibus Company, established in Paris under the French law as a *société en commandite*. The capital is to be £1,000,000, in shares of 100*l.* or £4 each, but the first issue is to be limited to £800,000. The gerants are Macnamara, Carteret, Willing, and Co., and the London managers are to be Messrs. Wilson, Barber, Hartley, and Trevett. The company state that complete regularity of service is to be established; that time-tables are to be published monthly, and traffic returns weekly; that indicators are to be used, as in Paris; and that contracts have been entered into for the purchase of the greater number of the 810 omnibuses now working in London. In their financial representations, they mention that each omnibus, under the present imperfect system, yields an average profit of £100 a-year, which, on 810 omnibuses, would be £81,000, and consequently a return of 10 per cent. In Paris, however, the result of amalgamation was an increase of 8*s.* per day in the profits of each omnibus; and, assuming an increase of 5*s.* in London, the annual profit would be raised to £150,000. The dividend now paying by the Paris Company is stated to be at the rate of 15 per cent.

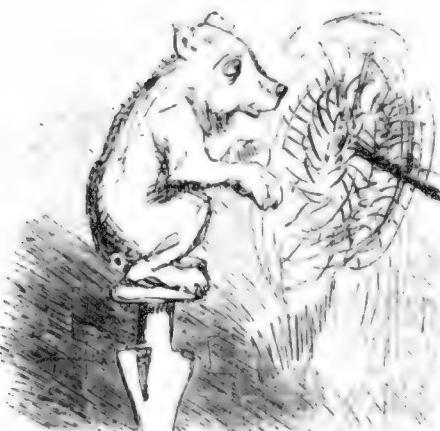
THE CUDHAM MURDER—THE ACQUITTAL OF R. J. PALIN.—At the sitting of the Home Circuit, held at Maidstone, on Dec. 20 and 21, Robert Thomas Palin, 22, described as a shoemaker, was placed at the bar to plead to an indictment which charged him with the wilful murder of Jane Beagley. The prisoner, who is a very young-looking man, pleaded "Not Guilty." He was unprovided with counsel; but upon a request made to the Court at the commencement of the assizes, his Lordship requested Mr. Denman to defend the prisoner, and that gentleman immediately undertook the task. It will be remembered that the murder was of the most brutal description, and that at the same time the life of the deceased was taken, her mother, a very aged woman, who lived in the same cottage, also received very dreadful injuries, apparently inflicted while she was in bed asleep, and she has never since entirely recovered. The prisoner, who is a ticket-of-leave convict, was at once suspected, and the police appear to have exercised very great zeal and vigilance in getting up the case against him. Various witnesses were examined, but no facts implicating the defendant were adduced, and the jury, after mature deliberation, returned a verdict of not guilty.

ANOTHER FEMALE IMPOSTOR.—A rival to Alice Gray, and one to whom some of the discredit of that young lady's reputed performance should probably be attached, has turned up at Canterbury. She has appeared under various names—Mary Eliza Smith, Matilda Tremain, or Mary Eliza Chippendale. She is short in stature, slight in figure, with gray eyes, having a cast in the left eye, light brown hair, fair complexion, with an occasional flush, projecting under lip, and a hesitating manner in her speech. She appears to be about 30 years of age. She is well versed in the arts of deception, possessing perfect command of her countenance, and rarely betraying the slightest emotion. Her plan is to obtain, by some tale of distress, a footing in a family for a time, where she secures food and lodging during her stay, and decamps on being detected, but seldom without carrying off some article of easy conveyance. The Magistrates at Canterbury have remanded her for a week. On being conveyed to the gaol, she admitted that she was the person who obtained access to the house of a gentleman near Leeds, and remained there for three months, under the pretence that she was the niece of Dr. Hook.

STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR.—A large black bear was killed by an Indian very recently, near the source of the Castor river. The animal weighed upwards of 700 lbs. A desperate struggle took place between this enormous animal and the Indian who killed him. Being wounded by the shot, he closed upon the Indian, who, in the struggle, managed to plunge his knife into the bear's heart, although the brave Indian had one arm broken at the time. At Anticosti, where bears are perhaps more numerous than in any other part of America, a single Indian or hunter will never shoot at a bear, as he is rarely killed by the first shot, and almost invariably attacks his pursuer if he is wounded.



THE LONDON EXHIBITIONS IN CHRISTMAS WEEK.  
BY A FAST GENTLEMAN FROM STAFFORDSHIRE.



Up in town  
For a week,  
Must be down,  
Back in Leek  
To the day—  
Bus'ness, eh?  
Mustn't stay  
For a freak!



Mean to see  
Ev'ry sight  
Two or three  
In a night.  
Pushed along  
Through the throng,  
Right or wrong,  
Left and right!



Seen St. Paul's  
(Very high!)  
Barry's Halls  
(Progress shy!)  
Abbey door—  
Charge a bore,  
"Twopence more"  
Is the cry.



Albert Smith  
Climbing ice  
(Room there's th':  
Warm and nice)—  
Gordon C.,  
Cool as he—  
Crystal P.,  
Colder twice



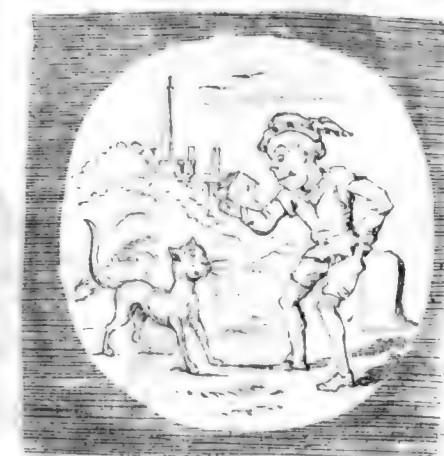
SUGGESTIVE DESIGN FOR THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN COLD WEATHER.

Seen Master Whittington at the Panopticon,  
Catching a hiding, and buying a cat;  
Many more wonders of art, didn't stop to con—  
Off like a cannon, or quicker than that.  
Over the way, to the Globe—didn't stay to  
Inspect its geography—post in a cab

To the Waterloo Gallery (hope a good salary  
Comes to the lecturer, great at the "gal")!  
Next Mr. Woodin—exceedingly good in  
A portrait of Rachel (who hasn't been dead).  
Then the Museum—the crowds, just to see 'em!  
Admitted by thousands, at nothing a head.



Something yet—  
Emma Stanley,  
Quite a pet,  
Costume manly—  
Dandy true;  
Brummell! pooh!  
Nash—won't do,  
Nor Alvanley.



Seen them all?  
Let me see—  
Egypt's Hall,  
Crystal P.—  
All up summing—  
Gordon Cumming,  
(Is he hummin')  
Madame T—.

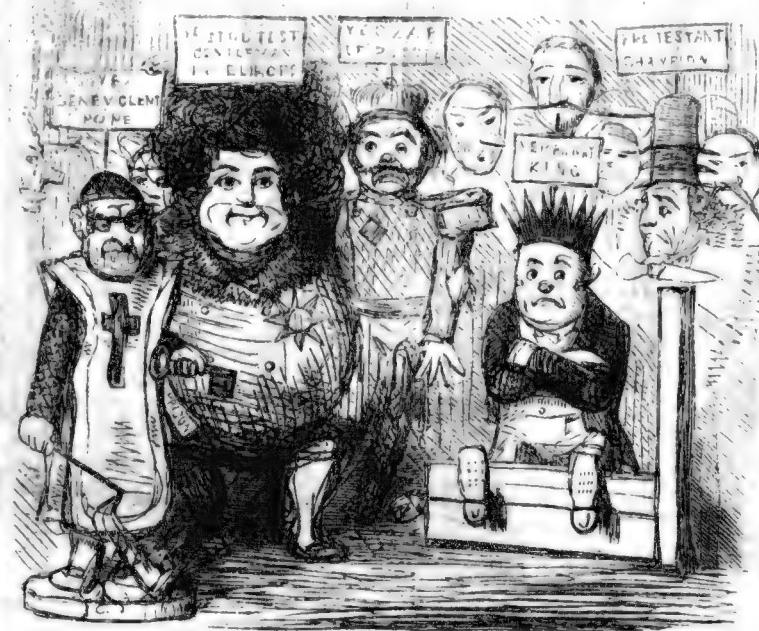


Woodin—(Run!  
Laugh'd self weak;  
Hope he'll come—  
Down to Leek)—  
Gardens—Yes,  
Emma S—,  
(Great success,  
Quite unique!)

VISITOR'S NAME.	ADDRESS.	OCCUPATION.
Jon Smith	Germany	Actor
Lord Palmerston	Magistrate	Scrub
Timothy Tugnutt	Spitalfields	Plumber
Alfred Green	Brinsford	Chimney Sweep
Ulysses Cheeks	Colditch	Marine
Eloise the Damsel	One flat	Milner
Grey Tolman's Esp'	Whitby Island	Tutor of lace
Darsh Jenkins	Westminster	Batescher's Daughter

FAC-SIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE VISITOR'S BOOK AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK.

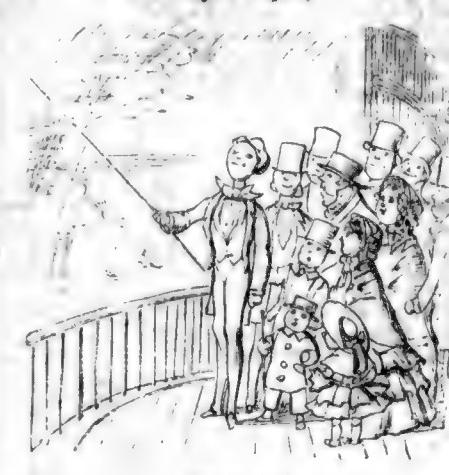
"Cab!" from the lodge, I call—"Gardens Zoolo— Microscopes, stereoscopes, sugar-scopes, horo—  
gical!" Feeding time—lions and leopards at prey—  
Just a glance cursory—maids from the nursery,  
Soldiers and bears—quite an-ursa-ry play!  
Up to the Institute, styled Polytechnical—  
Pictures and models, and lectures by steam,  
(Everything done at a speed we may breakneck  
call,  
Suiting my habits with fitness supreme).  
Divers in shower bells, fountains like flower bells,  
Lots of material and plenty of scope—  
Bridges, self-hanging, with plenty of rope.  
Off straight to Kahn's, with his show anatomical,  
(Glad I had dined, ere I witness'd the sight.)  
Skeletons sitting in attitudes comical,  
Gentlemen out of their skins for the night,  
Hearts in glass bottles, and heads without throats,  
So many queer sights by the Doctor combined—  
His fancy so odd is, for bits of folk's bodies,  
I felt bound to give him a bit of my mind.



MADAME TUSSAUD'S AS IT MIGHT BE.

Post-haste to Baker Street (rustic haymaker's treat,  
When the fat pigs are displayed there for show!—)  
My course is directed to Madame's collected  
Prize ladies and gentlemen all in a row,

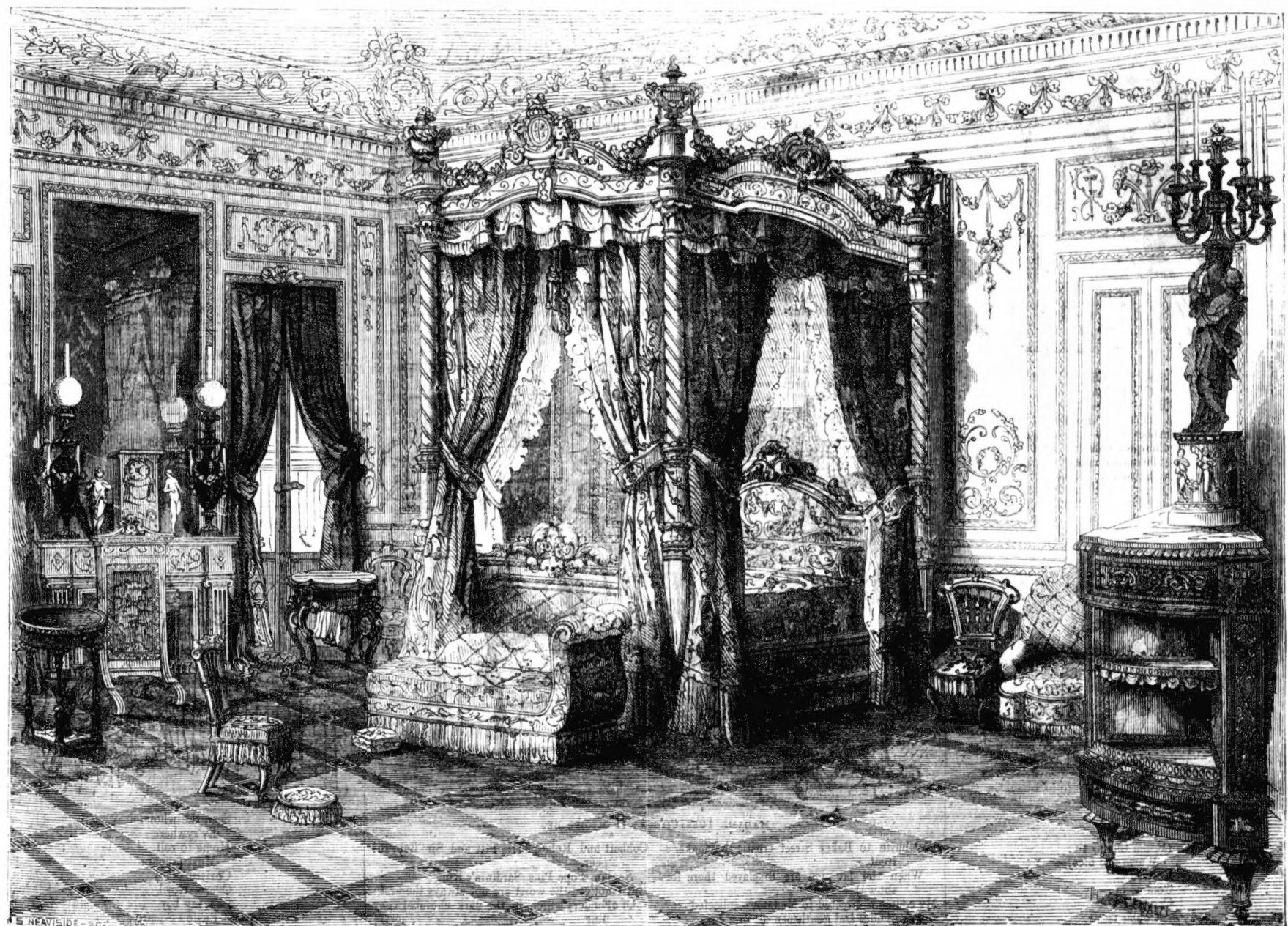
Cobbett and Robespierre, Pitt and Sir Bob, his peer,  
Raglan, Pope Pius, Sardinia's King;  
But I noticed the worst are not always the first  
Of offenders which in the dark chamber they fling.



Seen the whole,  
Ev'rywhere.  
Home to roll  
Must prepare.  
Christmas joy  
Over—Hoy!  
Cab, my boy,  
Euston Square



CIRCASSIAN CHIEFS AND ATTENDANTS.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN POSTON.)



THE QUEEN'S STATE BED-CHAMBER AT ST. CLOUD.

## THE CIRCASSIANS.

At the commencement of the present war, great expectations were entertained that if hostilities were entered into with the Caucasian territory, a formidable blow might be inflicted on the Russian power in Asia, which would be attended with more or less advantage to the Allies. We, however, contented ourselves with instigating the destruction of a few Russian forts; and when the Circassians were eager to unite with us against the common enemy, we were lukewarm, and rather repelled than accepted their advances. More recently, since the war in Asia has secured a larger share of public attention, we have been as anxious as we were before indifferent with reference to an alliance with the tribes of the Caucasus; and Mr. Longworth was despatched by the English Government to see whether it were now possible to excite the known animosity of the Circassians against their Russian enemies. His mission, we regret to say, has proved a failure. Many of the tribes are desirous of preserving their present friendly relations with the Russians, and others are suspicious of our proffered aid. The Asiatic campaign, therefore, will have to be entered upon without the assistance of these warlike and hardy mountaineers.

The group of Circassians represented in our engraving was sketched at Anapa just after the abandonment of the forts by the Russians, in the month of June last. The mounted chief, on being informed that the portrait for which he was then standing would be disseminated through the length and breadth of England and her numerous dependencies, displayed a great anxiety to be depicted under the most favourable circumstances. His wish was no doubt gratified; and perchance, one of these days, a copy of the "Illustrated Times," containing this representation of his noble physiognomy, will be carried ashore by some naval officer cruising off the Circassian coast, and eventually find its way into his possession.

A writer, who accompanied the Duke of Newcastle in a recent tour through a portion of the Trans-Caucasian provinces, gives us the following as the result of information he picked up on the spot. He says:—"On reaching the eastern frontier of the country of the Ubooch, we heard that a council was to be held, for the purpose of discussing the proposal of Omar Pacha to raise 500 irregular horsemen from among the men of Ubooch. In the opinion of our guides this was likely to be most favourably received, but how far Omar Pacha will profit by the result is very questionable. Upon the north of the Caucasus and upon the banks of the Kuban the Circassians would be valuable as guerrilla troops, but it is only necessary to travel a little into their country, and become acquainted with the constitution of society in it, to perceive that these tribes can never become practically useful for aggressive purposes. There is no military organisation by which they can be kept together, no single authority whose will is supreme, or federal government to direct their proceedings; every man does as it seems unto him best; he fights as long as it is profitable or exciting, and then returns to his village without consulting any of his companions. We found, as we approached the coast, that we were among a people speaking a different language, and who entertained friendly feelings towards the Russians. They regret the departure of the Russians from the neighbouring forts, because they always furnished a profitable market for their produce to the lower classes, while every man of influence received a yearly salary, at the rate of about seven dollars a month, to secure his allegiance. It is to be hoped that one of the consequences of the allied civil and military operations in this direction will be to open up the resources of the whole eastern shore of the Black Sea, and more particularly of Circassia. The inhabitants are ready and willing to trade, and, although at present they could only export raw produce, in the shape of boxwood, honey, wax, and grain, there is no reason why excellent wine should not be manufactured and the mineral resources of the country developed."

## THE QUEEN'S STATE BEDCHAMBER AT ST. CLOUD.

On passing in review the more important incidents of the year described and illustrated in our present volume, we are reminded of an illustration which was prepared by us some months since, but the publication of which has been delayed through one circumstance or another. We allude to the State bedchamber, fitted up for Queen Victoria in the palace of St. Cloud at the time of her visit to Paris. To the series of illustrations we gave of this important historical event, the present engraving forms a necessary pendant. Our readers are aware that the entire suite of apartments prepared for the Queen during her visit were fitted up with a taste and magnificence rarely if ever equalled. The walls and ceiling of the bedchamber were of white and gold—the elaborate ornamental carvings of the apartment in every instance gilt and burnished. The bedstead was also white and gold, most elegantly carved, and with curtains of silver green silk damask, lined with brilliant rose colour satin. The graceful carvings at the foot comprised the royal arms of England with the usual supporters—all in burnished gold. At the head of the bedstead the cypher V. R. was surrounded with a wreath of flowers. The numerous couches and chairs interspersed about the apartment were covered with rich silk damask, *en suite*. Elegant vases, clocks, statuettes, and other objects of bijouterie, to many of which an interesting history appertained connected with the career of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, were ranged on the mantel-pieces, and on pedestals about the apartment. There was one mark of delicate attention on the part of the Emperor, which the Queen could not fail to appreciate. His wish appears to have been, that her Majesty among all this parade of splendour, should still find the means of indulging in every little habit to which she had been accustomed in her own palaces. For instance, her Majesty, before retiring to rest, is accustomed to read for about half an hour from some favourite author. She invariably sits in a low-backed chair, and places her arm supporting her book on a table by her side. An exact reproduction of the chair and table were prepared by command of the Emperor, and an upholsterer made an especial visit to Windsor Castle, for the purpose of carrying out this delightful surprise.

**PLEASANT GLIMPSES OF THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" CIRCLE.**—I have let my house at Thames Ditton very well, and sold the gentleman my wine and poultry. I attribute my success in these matters to having read half a volume of Adam Smith early in the summer, and to hints that have dropped from Horner, in his playful moods, upon the subject of sale and barter. Horner is a very happy man; his worth and talents are acknowledged by the world at a more early period than those of any independent and upright man I ever remember. He verifies an observation I have often made, that the world do not dislike originality, liberality, and independence so much as the *insulting arrogance* with which they are almost always accompanied. Now, Horner pleases the best judges, and does not offend the worst. I say nothing of the great and miserable loss we have all sustained. He will always live in our recollection; and it will be useful to us all, in the great occasions of life, to reflect how Horner would act and think in them, if God had prolonged his life.—*Sydney Smith's Letters.*

**THE NEW CHEAP MAGAZINE.**—There lies before us a very cleverly written prospectus of a new monthly periodical for the new year, entitled "The Idler, a cheap Magazine of Fiction, Belles Lettres, News, and Comedy." Judging from the promises made, and the contributors announced, the public may reasonably expect great things. If these are fulfilled, the "Idler" cannot fail to meet with success. We give the following extract from the prospectus as an indication, both of the position it aspires to occupy, and the spirit in which it means to maintain it:—"It seems to the proprietors of 'The Idler' that all our popular literature has been too timid of late. The satirical element has been strangely idle, and with the saddest results. The reappearance of old Christopher North's 'Notes' has been hailed with a groan. Every form of quack considers himself safe, and respectable dulness has even become a kind of virtue. The spirit of Aristophanes and Horace, of Juvenal and Swift, of Martial and Fielding, lies entranced. We make no unseemly boasts—they would ill become lovers of those great names—but the time has come to treat the old corruptions of the world with the old weapons, and to prepare for the enemies of truth and justice a rod pickled in classic brine. No man will deprecate either the utility or the dignity of comedy, or doubt that it is quite compatible with proper seriousness and reverence, who remembers that St. Paul has quoted Menander."

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WHEN the immortal Mr. Scrooge, in the "Christmas Carol," declared that "Christmas was a humbug," he was instantly howled at by his boisterous, impulsive nephew, and by the hundred thousand readers of the work. And yet, upon due consideration, and looking the subject calmly in the face, without romance and conventionalism, I am afraid Mr. Scrooge was right. Our entire behaviour at what we persist in calling this "festive season of the year" is a species of moral self-swelling, based on humbug and conventional memories. We go about wishing each other "merry Christmas," and grin, and wag our heads as though in a high state of beatitude, being all the time perfectly aware that there is no particular merriment in store for any of us; that the usual accessories and disappointments will come upon us, and that we are merely going through a certain prescribed formula, the very essence of routine. Of late years the weather has objected to being a party to this deception, and is never cold and Christmassy, on the contrary, donning that murky, greasy, clammy garment which properly belongs to him in November. There is the thought of the coming hills, the knowledge of the advent of the doctor, inseparable with the notion of children and minee-pies, the conviction that the poor are suffering and expectant, the certainty that another year of our lives is over, and that we have not made a proper twelvemonths' progress either in spiritual or worldly matters. This is an unpleasant, carpings, selfish view of the question, I admit, and yet it is the true one. I am laughed at, I hear, for my plain speaking, or writing, as shown in my articles, and yet I am not ashamed of it. I could cover you folios of cant, but what would it be worth if it were not written in an earnest believing spirit? Some people possess this spirit, even now, and most grateful should they be for it. Dickens, for instance, how he believes in Christmas, and writes of it so wonderfully that, reading him, I am almost forced to feel as I did years ago, a d to give the season much more credit than it really deserves.

Owing to you, Sir, I have this year been very nearly led back into my old belief in holy and snow and kindheartedness, and special benevolent feelings, and all things which do not come at Christmas any more than at any other time of the year. I say, owing to you, but I mean owing to your Christmas number, which was most excellent. The engravings speak for themselves, any one can discriminate between a scene or subject beautifully drawn and well engraved, and a worn-out, used-up set of blocks, which, having done their duty seven or eight years ago in another newspaper, were this Christmas *rechauffés*, and stuck into the—There! never mind! I was very nearly informing the world of the existence of a miserable sheet, known only to a few news-vending serfs, who are compelled by want, and an expectation of a commission, to light their fires with its weekly issue! But it is not of the engravings, it is of the literary matter of your Christmas number that I wish to speak; and I affirm that no such really good matter, at such a price, has ever been given to the public. I do not hold the same views as the writers, as I see that one and all have gone in to glorify Christmas and its contingencies, but I must allow that the style in which all the subjects are treated, is first-rate. It beats the "Holly-tree Inn" all to fits. Why, Sir, there are some verses of Mr. Robert Brough's about Christmas Day passed by an Hospital Nurse at Scutari, lines which are in themselves sufficient to stamp the excellence of the publication, and to secure the fame of that young man! I had only known him as one of a band of brothers (not Bounding, but Burlesque writing), and though well aware of his power for versification, I had no idea that he possessed such feeling and true poetic *riso*. The other Brother's story, "Mr. Crumpleside's Pig," is excellent; so is the "Christmas at Sea," so are the prosings about "Christmas in the Olden Time," by that old gentleman, Mr. Edmund Yates, who appears to have given you the result of a long life's reading and experience; so is the description of festivity among the lower orders; and as for "Christmas in the Camp," they swear at the "Rag" that it must have been written by young De Boots, who was always supposed to have a hankering after literature.

The new treaty between the Swedish Government and the Western Powers has put Russia, to speak metaphorically, "into a hole." Sic, Russia, having shown signs of activity on her north-western frontier, the Swedes and Norwegians became alarmed, and jumped readily at the compact offered by General Canrobert, which provides that the above-named northern powers shall make no concession to Russia; and that if Russia should assume the aggressive, and attempt to wrest territory from either of them, the troops and navies of England and France shall be sent to their assistance. The signing of the treaty will be peculiarly displeasing to Russia just now, and will check that tumultuous joy which is beginning to be felt on the taking of Kars, which is a blow to us, though, from all we hear, General Mouravieff has behaved admirably, and dispensed with the ceremony of all the English prisoners marching past him without arms.

There is a good story running the round of French literary and artistic circles, concerning a M. Jallabert, editor of the "Théâtre," a Paris newspaper—as its name imports, devoted to dramatic news and criticism. At the *Vaudville*, a new piece was announced for a certain night, and Jallabert, who had obtained beforehand all the necessary information relative to the plot, &c., did not go to the theatre, but sat calmly at home and wrote a ferocious critique on the piece, being more especially hard upon a Madlle. Dupuis, whom he compared to a Nuremberg doll. Owing to the illness of one of the principals, the piece was not produced, and Madlle. Dupuis brought an action for libel against the wretched M. Jallabert, who was condemned in a fine of 500 francs, with 2,000 francs damages! A high price to pay for the indulgence of a little spleen. If such a law were introduced into England, I don't think it would be long before Mr. Jerrold found himself the defendant in an action, with Mr. Charles Kean as plaintiff.

The deputies elected by the different parishes and vestries to constitute the Metropolitan Board of Works, have, of course, missed a fine opportunity for complimenting one of the best men of the day, Mr. Roeback, and not merely verbally complimenting him, but giving a substantial proof of their approbation, by appointing him their chairman, with a salary of £1,500 a year. The election fell upon a Mr. Thwaites, one of those parochial Burkes and Sheridans whose eloquence finds its way beyond the board-room, by the aid of the columns of the "Observer," but, I believe, a clear-headed, practical man.

## THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

NOR wishing to meet the fate of M. Jallabert, above alluded to, and being always particular to give you my own impressions, I must reserve my notice of the pantomimes until next week; for, to tell truth, though I rail against Christmas, I have been keeping up its festivities, and going to private parties, instead of attending to my duty to you.

The "Exhibitions," strictly speaking, seem to be more on the alert than ever, this year. Foremost among them stands the Panopticon, with its luminous fountain, its new diving apparatus, its subaqueous light, its musical performances, and, above all, its new dioramic entertainments, representing the stories of "Whittington" and "Puss in Boots," very nicely painted, and with a capitally written smart running accompaniment by Mr. Leicester Buckingham.

Then Messrs. Grieve and Tellin have got two new views, one "Sebastopol after the bombardment," and the other the "Fortress of Kinburn," both from sketches made by officers on the spot. And Mr. Stocqueler rattles away and is as jocular and familiar as ever, ay, and as well informed too, which is the best part about it.

Nor has that mighty hunter, Mr. Gordon Cumming, been idle, but for the Christmas holidays has added to his collection two new pictures, one representing his "Troop of sixteen horses attacked by five lions, and two favourite steeds killed"; the other, "A view of the River Limpopo, with a large herd of hippopotami in the foreground"; both excellently painted by Mr. Harrison Weir and Mr. Leitch respectively.

**MEDICAL REFORM.**—A deputation from the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association waited on Sir G. Grey at the Home Office last week, in order to ascertain the views of her Majesty's Government respecting the introduction of a bill on medical reform during the next session of Parliament. Sir George promised the bill his individual support, but he would not pledge the Government to give up any particular day for its discussion.

## ANSWERS TO PICTORIAL ENIGMAS, ETC.

IN OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

## KNOTS AND QUEERIES (PAGE 487).

1. The four points.
2. He was brought up before a break.
3. Because his companion is about to pitch him over.
4. Because he's May-gog.
5. Salt and battery.
6. Because one is sage and time, and the other sage and onions.
7. Halbert Smith. (N.B. If the reader doesn't like the "H" he may drop it.)
8. A Bess-Arabian monarch, decidedly.
9. Because he's a Colt's revolver.
10. Because he takes a tumbler himself.
11. Because he deals in turnips and carrots.
12. Because he would be pan-to-mime.

## ANSWER TO "A CHARADE FOR A RECENT ANNIVERSARY."

Alma-mack.

## THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL (PAGE 488).

The secret of admission to this maze is simply by pursuing a *straight-forward course*—never turning to the left or the right. By following this plan, the road will be found to traverse vignettes representing—

The landing at the Old Fort;  
The battle of the Alma;  
The charge at Balaclava;  
The battle of Inkermann (represented by Catheart's grave);  
The sufferings of the British army in the disastrous winter of 1854-5;  
The resignation of Canrobert;  
The capture of the Mamelon;  
The operations in the Sea of Azof;  
The French repulse at the Malakoff;  
The battle of the Tehernaya, &c., &c.;  
The whole leading up to the flight of the Russian garrison to the north side, the explosion of the magazines, and final occupation of the citadel by the Western Allies.

## ANSWER TO PICTORIAL REBUS IN NO. 27.

"When the wine is in the wit is out."

[When the ; W in E; P is ian; the wit is out.]

## TRIAL OF DAVIDSON AND GORDON, THE CITY MERCHANTS.

At the Central Criminal Court last week, Mitchell Davidson, aged 41, and Cosmo William Gordon, aged 34, merchants, were charged with having, after being adjudged bankrupts, embezzled and secreted property above the value of £10, to wit, three £500 bank notes, with intent to defraud their creditors. A second count charged £2,600 moneys embezzled with like intent.

The solicitor for Gordon's defence said, that on the 17th of June he received money from the prisoner. He received in all £1,700, and he paid the assignees £1,200, after he received notification of the adjudication in bankruptcy. He never saw the bankrupts after the 17th June, till their return from the Continent.

A clerk in the Union Bank of London, said that on the same day the above-mentioned acceptance for £2,000 odd was cashed at that bank. He could not say who presented it. It was an open check.

It appeared that some of these notes were received from the Continent. It was also proved that, on the 17th of June, the prisoners were seen in the steamer from Dover to Ostend.

Bull, of the City police, said that in December, 1854, he went to Neufchatel, where he saw Gordon. He then went to Malta, where he found both prisoners in custody. He embarked with them in the same vessel for England, and he took them into custody at Southampton. They were aware that he was following them, but they said they would not struggle with him any more, and they gave themselves up voluntarily.

Mr. W. Oliff, supervisor of Excise, said that when the prisoners left, £7,400 was due by them for the West Ham Distillery duties. On the day when the spirits were removed he received checks, signed by Gordon, for the money. They were never paid.

Mr. Baron Alderson said he did not see any evidence to prove the fact of embezzlement. All that was shown was, that the prisoners went abroad, and that the notes were sent to this country from some foreign parts, where the prisoners were supposed to have been, but there was no positive evidence even of that fact.

In this decision Mr. Justice Coleridge concurred, and a verdict of not guilty was given on this count.

On another day the prisoners were indicted for having, within three months of their bankruptcy obtained goods on credit, with intent to defraud. The adjudication in bankruptcy, having been proved, a clerk to Mr. Bedoe, of Huggin Lane, proved having received an order from Gordon for drapery goods, from Messrs. M'Millars, of Glasgow, on the 25th of May, 1854.

Mr. Peter Ewart, of Ogilvie, Gilanders, and Co., Glasgow, said that on the 12th of June, 1854, he saw Gordon for the first time, at Windle Cole's office, and Gordon asked him if they would take a consignment to Calcutta. Witness said he would, and having looked at the above and some other goods, he advanced £1,500 on them. He has agents in India. It turned out that they advanced more on the goods than the goods would bear.

Charles Walker (formerly clerk to the prisoners) said: He did not see the prisoners from the middle of June, 1854, until they were brought back to England in the custody of the police. They failed for £500,000. Davidson took no active part in the business. At the time of their bankruptcy they were large holders of sugar (15,000 tons), which, if sold at the recent high prices, would have paid in full all their increased debts. The advances made on them were within 5 per cent. of their value. From September, 1853, to January, 1854, £870,000 had passed in the banker's book. When they left, their banker's balance was £1,000 against them.

Evidence was then given that the defendants obtained £800 worth of goods from Messrs. Pickford and Johnson, £2,000 worth having been ordered, but only the £500 were sent, the remainder having been stopped at the carriers', suspicions having arisen. From Messrs. Alexander £5,500 worth of goods were obtained. There was nothing irregular in the transaction; they fulfilled their agreement to pay part cash and part bills. In all, £2,300 were paid out of the accounts.

Mr. Haufman said that, on the 15th of April, 1854, he advanced £1,200 to the prisoners, on 37 cases of Turkey red goods. He held six spelter warrants for £3,600, but discovered that there was no spelter.

Mr. Samuel Hesse, of Manchester, sent £1,400 worth of goods to the prisoners shortly before their bankruptcy, £2,000 worth having been ordered. On the 17th of June, Mr. Hesse first saw Gordon in Mincing Lane, who told him to come at three. He did so, and saw Davidson, who told him to come in half an hour, when his partner would be in. He did so, but they were gone, and he never saw them again till he saw them in custody.

Other similar charges were gone into, being, in all, six cases of goods so

Mr. M. Chambers, addressing the jury for Gordon, said that, in an establishment where £875,000 passed through the hands of the partners in a single year, it would be monstrous to commit them for having obtained, during twelve weeks, goods to the amount of £5,000. If, under such circumstances, a trader could be convicted of fraud, it would not only destroy large establishments, but every retail trader might be pounced upon at any moment when he got into difficulties. The defendants were merely unfortunate in their speculations, but there was nothing to show that what they had done was not in the strict course of honourable dealing.

Mr. Justice Coleridge then summed up, and after some time spent in deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of Guilty against both defendants. The full sentence of the law was then passed upon the prisoners—viz., that they be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for two years.

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

A NICE LOR.—Tom Hileard, a pugilist, who has been for some in training to fight a pitched battle, Cubitt Barry, a convicted thief and housebreaker, and Thomas Berrymore, a person well known to the police, were finally examined at Lambeth Police-court, on Saturday last, on a charge of stealing two large coppers, the property of Mr. Hall. The prisoners for some months past are supposed to have committed a number of robberies in the parishes of Camberwell and Newington, particularly in unoccupied houses, from which they carried away the copper, lead pipes, gas, and other fittings. The police called a number of witnesses who had given them important information relative to the prisoners and the different robberies; but nearly the whole of them denied on their oath what they had previously said, though the contrary was sworn to by the officers, and the Magistrate threatened to commit two or three of the witnesses for perjury.

The Magistrate remarked that it would be useless with such witnesses to send the case before a jury, and he should, therefore, deal with it summarily, and send the prisoners for three months each to the House of Correction.

CHANGE OF INFANTICIDE.—Catherine O'Brien, a poor miserable-looking female, abt 22 years of age, was brought before the Southwark Police Court, on Monday, charged with causing the death of her infant child, 9 months old, by exposing it to the weather, and neglecting to give it proper sustenance.

A police-constable stated that he was on duty about three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, in Charlotte Street, Blackfriar's Road, when he was called in at Dr. Adcock's to take the prisoner into custody. She was in a very deplorable state, and had with her a dead infant. Constable took them both to the workhouse, where the prisoner had some warm clothing given to her, and afterwards conveyed her to the Police Station, and charged her with causing the death of her child. She told Constable that she had been out all night, exposed to the weather, and that she was making her way from Westminster to St. George's Workhouse. The child was not dead when on Westminster Bridge, but believing that it was dying when she got into Charlotte Street, she called on Dr. Adcock, who treated her with great kindness and humanity.

Dr. Adcock said the prisoner came to him, and wished him to look at her child, which she held huddled up in her arms. She said that it was alive, but he found it was dead and quite cold. He asked her how it happened, when she told him that she and it had been exposed to the weather all Saturday night and Sunday morning; that she had not applied for relief at any workhouse for more than a week, and that she had sold almost all their clothing to purchase sustenance. Dr. Adcock perceived that she was in a deplorable state, with mud and filth, and he gave her some warm meat, &c., while he sent his servant for the constable, who came and took her to the workhouse. Dr. Adcock was of opinion that death was caused by exposure to the weather, and not having proper sustenance.

The bundle of Christchurch, said, the dead body was in the workhouse, and he had seen the Coroner, who told him he should remain her for a week, so that in the meantime the inquest might be held.

PICTURE STEALING.—A young man having the appearance of a bricklayer, who gave the name of Thomas Hettelman, but refused to give any address, was placed before the Hanoverian Police-court, on Monday, charged with breaking into the house of Mr. Thompson, a gentleman residing at Clifton Lodge, Notting-hill, and stealing five pictures and other articles, also with stabbing Samuel Kentfield, a watchman, with intent to do him some grievous bodily harm.

The following medical certificate was handed to his worship:

"Samuel Kentfield has received a dangerous wound of the neck. He is at present progressing favourably, but the ultimate result at this time is uncertain."—John Coglan, surgeon, Clarendon Road."

Mr. Thompson deposed that his house was under repair, and he was not now residing there. Kentfield was employed to sleep in the house to look after the property. About nine o'clock on Sunday night, he received information that his house had been entered, and upon going inside he found the whole place in confusion, and five of his framed pictures in the dining-room had been removed from the walls, ready to be carried off. He knew nothing of the prisoner.

The watchman upon the Kensington Park estate, said, on Sunday Kentfield not being very well, came to him and asked if he would look round the premises for him during the night, as he did not intend to sleep there. Witness consented, and he returned to the house with him for him to show witness the place. Kentfield went to the front door, and found that it was not as he had left it. Witness went round to the back of the premises, and found the windows of the billiard-room open. He climbed through, and upon going into the hall, he discovered the prisoner concealed behind the door, with two window-blinds under his arm. Witness opened the street door and admitted Kentfield. The prisoner was without his shoes, which witness afterwards found down stairs. The house was in complete confusion. The pictures were close to the door, ready to be removed. They then took the prisoner to Mr. Sims, who had the repairing of the house, and afterwards to the station. On the way to the last-mentioned place, the prisoner became very violent, and both witness and Kentfield had to struggle with him to prevent him from escaping. The prisoner told witness that if he did not release his hold he would stab him. The prisoner then drew out of his right hand pocket, a cheese-knife belonging to Mr. Thompson, succeeded in releasing himself from witness's grasp, made a plunge at Kentfield with the knife, and stabbed him in the neck. The prisoner ran off, but was soon stopped by a constable. Kentfield was taken home, and was attended by a medical gentleman. Witness saw Kentfield in bed that morning, and he was unable to get up from the state of the wound.

A Police constable said he heard cries of murder, and then saw the prisoner running without his shoes. Witness stopped him, and in doing so the prisoner, who had the knife in his hand, cut him across the finger. The prisoner told him he had just come from Cork, but he believed it was not true.

The Magistrate remanded him until Monday next, for the prisoner to be seen by the police, to ascertain if he was known.

IN RE STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES.—A special sitting took place a few days ago, at the Court of Bankruptcy, appointed to hear arguments on the question of a proposed division of the assets of the two estates. The bankrupts, in addition to their banking business in the Strand, had carried on the business of navy agents, under the firm of Halford and Co., in Norfolk Street. At an early stage of the proceedings it became known that the latter concern, taken apart from the banking concern, was solvent, or nearly so; and at the last sitting the question was raised by Mr. Bagley, on behalf of Captain W. A. Herringham, a creditor of Halford and Co., whether the assets of that firm ought not to be kept separate and distributed exclusively among the creditors of that house. Evidence has since been taken as to the mode of conducting the two businesses, and the matter now came on for argument. Mr. Commissioner Evans, in giving his decision in the case, said, "He had looked carefully over all the authorities which had been cited, and found that they all, without one exception, referred to cases where the partners in the different firms were not the same. Under all these circumstances, it appeared to him that there must be a joint account, and that all the creditors must come in under it."

## MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

The dealings in all national stocks have increased this week, and prices have shown a tendency to advance. There has been rather an active demand for money, with a diminished supply in the market. In the rates of discount, however, we have no change to notice—the lowest quotation in Lombard Street for 60 days paper being 5*l*. per cent.

The stock of bullion in the Bank of England is declining, owing to several large parcels of gold having recently been taken for the continent, evidently for the purpose of meeting the new Russian Loan of £8,000,000. Here, it is repudiated, and the committee of the Stock Exchange has issued a notice to the effect that no quotations of the loan in question will be permitted even on the restoration of peace. The last packet from New York brought over 500,000 dollars.

Some discussion has recently taken place in reference to the sum of £2,500,000 of the Turkish loan being still in the Bank of England; but we may observe that the whole of that amount will be laid out here in the purchase of arms, &c., for the use of the Ottoman Government; consequently, we shall not have to ship the above heavy sum in gold.

The 3 per cent. consols have been down to 88*4* ; and the new 3 per cent., 89*4* to 89*1*; Bank Stock, 20*6*; Exchequer Bills, 3*s*. to 7*s*. discount; Exchequer Bonds, 97*4* *l*.

The foreign market has been devoid of animation. Prices, however, have continued tolerably firm. Brazilian 5 per cent. have realised 99*9* to 100; Granada 1*2* per cent., 19*2*; Mexican 3 per cent., 19*4* *l*; Spanish new deferred, 21*2*; ditto passive, 7*4*; Turkish 6 per cent., 83*1*; ditto new script, 3*1* discount; Venezuela 1*1* per cent., 11*1*.

There has been less activity in the dealings in Joint-stock bank shares. London have realised 3*s*; City, 6*s*; London Joint-stock, 34*s*; New South Wales, 40*s*; Royal British, 31*s*; Union of London, 30*s*. We have no transactions to notice in mining shares; whilst all miscellaneous securities have been very dull. Australian Agricultural have realised 2*s*; Canada Company's bonds, 13*s*; ditto Government 6 per cent., 11*1*; Crystal Palace, 2*s*; Pearl River land and mineral, 2*s*; South Australian land, 3*s*; Van Dieman's Land, 16*s*.

Nearly all railway shares have been dull, and, in some instances, prices have been a trifle easier. Chester and Holyhead, 10*s*; Eastern Counties, 8*s*; East Lancashire, 6*s*; Great Northern, 8*s*; ditto, new stock, 7*s*; Great Western, 5*s*; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 7*s*; London and Brighton, 9*s*; London and North-Western, 9*s*; London and South-Western, 5*s*; Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, 23*s*; Midland, 6*s*; Norfolk, 4*s*; North Eastern—Berwick, 6*s*; ditto, York, 4*s*; North Staffordshire, 9*s*; Scottish Central, 10*s*; Shropshire Union, 4*s*; South Eastern, 5*s*; Vale of Neath, 19*s*; Great Western of Canada, 21*s*; Sambre and Meuse, 8*s*.

## METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Very moderate supplies of English wheat have appeared on sale this week, coastwise and by land carriage. The demand, however, for all kinds has been exceedingly inactive. A few picked samples have changed hands at full prices; but in other descriptions, scarcely any business has been done on nominal terms. Foreign wheats have moved off heavily, at last week's currency. Floating cargoes have commanded very little attention. Fine malting barley has sold at full quotations; but other kinds have continued very dull. No change has taken place in the value of malt. Oats have moved off slowly, at about previous rates. Beans have ruled heavy, and prices have given way quite 2*s*. per quarter. Peas and flour have sold slowly, on former terms.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 6*s*. to 9*s*; ditto, Red, 5*s*. to 8*s*; Malting Barley, 3*s*. to 4*s*; Distilling ditto, 3*s*. to 4*s*; Grindings ditto, 3*s*. to 3*s*; Malt, 6*s*. to 8*s*; Rye, 5*s*. to 5*s*; Feed Oats, 2*s*. to 2*s*; Potato ditto, 2*s*. to 3*s*; Tick Peas, 3*s*. to 4*s*; Pigeon, 4*s*. to 5*s*; White Peas, 4*s*. to 4*s*; Maple, 4*s*. to 4*s*; Gray, 4*s*. to 4*s*; per quarter; Town-made Flour, 7*s*. to 7*s*.; Town Households, 6*s*. to 6*s*; Norfolk and Suffolk, 5*s*. to 5*s*; per 2*s* lbs.

CATTLE.—The supplies of beasts on sale have been very limited. Nevertheless, the demand for all kinds has been heavy, at drooping prices. In sheep, calves, and pigs—which have come slowly to hand—scarcely any business has been transacted, and the quotations have ruled nominal. Beef, 3*s*. id. to 4*s*. 10*d*; mutton, 3*s*. id. to 5*s*; veal, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 5*s*; pork, 3*s*. 10*d*. to 5*s*. per 8*s* lbs. to sink the offal.

NEWGATE AND LEADENHALL.—Large supplies of each kind of meat have found buyers, as follows:—Beef, from 3*s*. 2*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*; mutton, 3*s*. 4*d*. to 4*s*. 6*d*; veal, 3*s*. 6*d*. to 4*s*. 10*d*; pork, 3*s*. 10*d*. to 5*s*. 2*d*. per 8*s* lbs. by the carcass.

FEA.—There has been a moderate inquiry for most kinds, at fully last week's quotations:—Congou, 9*s*. to 2*s*. 7*d*; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10*s*. to 1*s*. 9*d*; Sonchong, 9*s*. to 2*s*. 8*d*; Flower Pekoe, 1*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. 6*d*; Caper, 1*s*. to 1*s*. 8*d*; Scented Caper, 1*s*. to 1*s*. 8*d*; Orange Pekoe, 1*s*. 10*d*. to 1*s*. 10*d*; Scented Orange Pekoe, 1*s*. 9*d*. to 2*s*. 9*d*; Twankay, 8*s*. to 1*s*. 2*d*; Hyson Skin, 7*s*. to 1*s*; Hyson, 1*s*. 5*d*. to 3*s*. 9*d*; High Hyson, 9*s*. to 3*s*; Imperial, 1*s*. to 2*s*. 9*d*; Gunpowder, 1*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*; Assam, 1*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*. per lb.

SUGAR.—Since our last report, all new qualities have met a dull sale, at from 16*s*. to 18*s*. per cwt., beneath the highest point of the market. In refined goods, scarcely any business has been done.

MOLASSES.—This article is very dull, at from 2*s*. to 26*s*. per cwt. The supply is still very limited.

COFFEE.—Good ordinary native Ceylon has realised 5*s*. to 5*s*. per cwt. Plantation and other kinds have produced full quotations.

COCA.—We have no sales to report in any kind; consequently, prices are nominal.

RICE.—Fine white Bengal has sold slowly, at 17*s*. 6*d*. per cwt. In other kinds, scarcely any transactions have taken place.

FRUIT.—New currants are still quoted at 6*s*. to 11*s*. per cwt. Valencia raisins are steady, at 7*s*. to 9*s*.; Turkey figs, 4*s*. to 8*s*.; new Sultanas, 6*s*. to 7*s*.; and muscavado, 6*s*. to 12*s*. per cwt.

PROVISIONS.—The best kinds of Butter are in fair request, at fully late rates, but inferior parcels are almost nominal. There has been a fair sale for bacon, at full prices; but hams are offering on lower terms.

WEOL.—English wool moves off steadily, at fully late rates. In foreign and colonial qualities, so little business is doing, that prices are almost nominal.

COTTON.—We have to report a dull market. Prices, however, are supported.

HEMP AND FLAX.—Baltic hemp has sold slowly, at from £4*s*. to £4*s*. 10*d*. per ton for Petersburg clean. In flax, very little business is doing.

METALS.—Scotch pig iron has realised 7*s*., with a dull market. East India tin has been in demand at 13*s*. to 13*s*. for bancha, and 12*s*. for straits. Speletin has sold slowly, at £2*s*. 12*d*. on the spot. Lead and other metals support last week's quotations.

SPIRITS.—Rum is slow in sale, but not cheaper. Proof Leewards, 3*s*. to 3*s*. 3*d*; East India, 2*s*. 11*d*. to 3*s*. per gallon. There is a moderate inquiry for Brandy, on former terms. Geneva, 3*s*. to 3*s*. 10*d*. per gallon. Malt Spirit, 1*s*. 2*d*.

INDIGO.—We have no change to notice in the value of any kind.

HOPS.—All kinds move off slowly, yet we have no change to notice in the quotations. Mid. and East Kent pockets, 7*s*. to 12*s*.; Weald of Kent, 6*s*. to 9*s*.; Sussex, 6*s*. to 9*s*. per cwt.

POTATOES.—Fair cargo supplies are on sale, and the demand is steady, at from 5*s*. to 11*s*. per ton. Town tallow, 6*s*. 6*d*. net cash. Rough fat, 3*s*. 7*d*. per lb.

OILS.—Linsseed oil has sold at 4*s*. per cwt., on the spot. Good to fine Palm has changed hands at 4*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*.; Cocoa nut is quoted at 4*s*. to 4*s*. 6*d*. Turpentine is dull. English spirits, 3*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*.; American, 3*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*. per cwt.

TALLOW.—The demand is very inactive, and we have free sellers of P.Y.C. on the spot, at 6*s*. per cwt. Town tallow, 6*s*. 6*d*. net cash.

COALS.—Tanfield Moor, 17*s*. 3*d*; Lambton, 22*s*. 6*d*; Castop, 20*s*. 6*d*; Kellog, 21*s*. 6*d*; Heugh Hall, 20*s*. 6*d*; Whitworth, 18*s*. 6*d*; Tees, 22*s*. per ton.

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

## LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—T. THOMPSON, Sunderland, bookseller.

BANKRUPT.—W. MORRIS, Mark Lane, wine merchant—J. JOYCE, Bromley, Kent, baker—T. MORRIS, Murray Street, Holborn, New Town, straw hat manufacturer—W. WILFORD and F. W. KELLY, Long Acre, cardmakers—H. KELLY, Arthur Street, New Oxford Street, and Broad Street, Bloomsbury, builder—T. HEYWOOD and J. HEYWOOD, Wood Street, Cheapside, and Melbourne, New South Wales, lace warehousemen—D. GARDNER, Banbury, Oxfordshire, pump-maker—S. H. BANFORD, Lewisham, livery-stable-keeper—J. HUGHES, Shrewsbury, malster—W. THOMAS, Bridgwater, Glamorganshire, painter—R. LONGFORD, Bath, hotel-keeper—L. G. F. MANNS, and J. LINLEY, Horsthorpe, Yorkshire, joiners—G. KAY, York, boot-maker—T. W. NICHOLSON, Saltash, Cornwall, oil-merchant—S. ANDREW, jun., Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner—L. HORSFALL, Accrington, Lancashire, tailor—J. MADEEN, Bacup, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. MACDONALD, Glasgow, baker—J. WATSON, Airdrie, grocer.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 25.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—J. DANKS, Great Bridge, Staffordshire, timber merchant.

BANKRUPT.—G. HASSE, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, merchant—J. WOODFORD, Leather Lane, Holborn, licensed victualler—J. T. MURRAY, Lower James Street, Golden Square, pianoforte maker—J. H. WETTONE, Oxford Street, bookseller—C. SHARP, Albion Road East, Stoke Newington, wholesale ironmonger—T. HEYWOOD, Wood Street, Cheapside, and Melbourne, New South Wales, lace warehousemen—T. H. RYLAND, Birmingham, wood turner—T. SPRAY, Lenton, Nottingham, lace manufacturer—F. FARRELL, Salford, contractor—J. NEWBOME, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer—J. W. GREGORY, Halifax, grocer—J. PATTISON, Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, builder—J. RICHARDSON, jun., Cuckermouth, Cumberland, brewer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—H. REID, Ayr, accountant and builder—W. CALDWELL, Coldstream, draper—D. Macleman, Inverness, solicitor—M. H. HUNT, Glasgow, wholesale woollen warehouseman.

RECOMMITAL OF ALICE GRAY.—Alice Gray was again brought up and re-examined at Wolverhampton, last week. The prisoner looked quite pale, very different to her appearance on the last examination, when her cheeks were rosy. She was first charged with perjury at the Quarter Sessions at Stafford, when the two boys, Randall and Perry, were convicted, who she deposed, had robbed her. The evidence of the two witnesses who were examined at the time of her committal, was a repetition of that previously given, the greater part showing that the boys were about two miles from the town at the time of their alleged offence. In reply to the chairman of the magistrates, who inquired if she had any defence to make, she said, Mr. Barlett, her attorney, had cautioned her against saying anything. "I think you are very proisy; that's all I have to say." She was then fully committed for trial at the next assizes for the county of Stafford. Similar depositions were then taken in support of the accusation of false swearing in that court when the boys were committed. At its close, she said, "If I get off, you will eat your importunities. You are likely to make mistakes on my behalf. It is a great pity that you are so anxious to make these mistakes." A letter, stating that the Rev. Mr. Morris was not present on account of indisposition, having been read, the prisoner remarked, "Perhaps he is in love." She afterwards said, "I wish he had never come to the railway station; that's one thing." Her attorney asked the bench if they would accept the bail of some tradesmen, who, he thought, would offer it for his client; but he was not at liberty to say that they would. He could not mention the names of any gentlemen who were willing to take upon themselves that responsibility. The magistrates refusing to accept bail, the prisoner was removed back to the county gaol at Stafford, committed to take her trial at the assizes, on two separate charges of perjury.

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TEA.—There has been a moderate inquiry for most kinds, at fully last week's quotations:—Congou, 9*s*. to 2*s*. 7*d*; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10*s*. to 1*s*. 9*d*; Sonchong, 9*s*. to 2*s*. 8*d*; Flower Pekoe, 1*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. 6*d*; Caper, 1*s*. to 1*s*. 8*d*; Scented Caper, 1*s*. to 1*s*. 8*d*; Orange Pekoe, 1*s*. 9*d*. to 2*s*. 9*d*; Twankay, 8*s*. to 1*s*. 2*d*; Hyson Skin, 7*s*. to 1*s*; Hyson, 1*s*. 5*d*. to 3*s*. 9*d*; High Hyson, 9*s*. to 3*s*. 6*d*; Imperial, 2*s*. 6*d*.; Pint, 4*s*. 9*d*.; and Quart, 9*s*.; Sealed Bottles, with Dr. De Jongh's Stamp and Signature. WITHOUT WHICH NONE ARE GENUINE, by ANSAR, HARFORD, and Co., 77, Strand, London, Dr. De Jongh's sole Consignees; and by most respectable Chemists in Town and Country.</

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